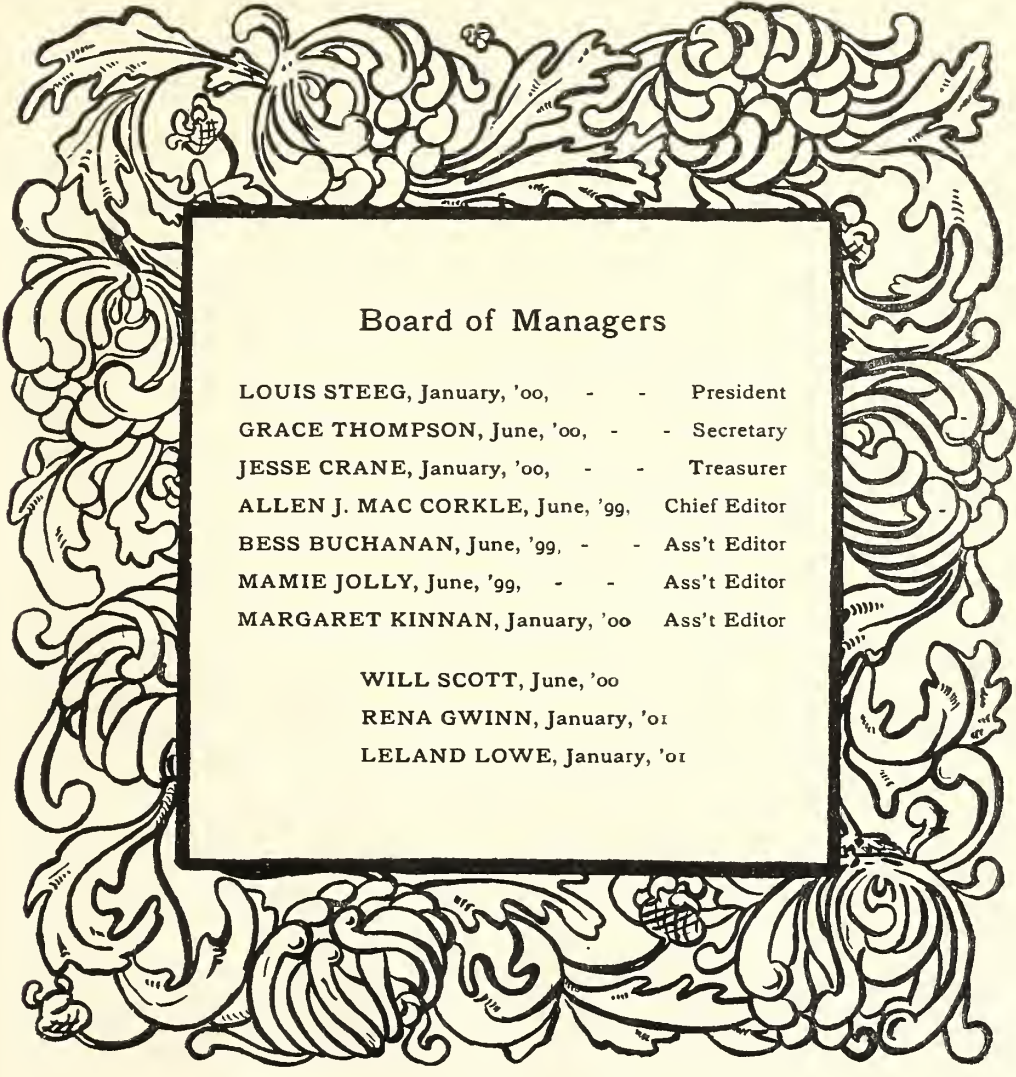


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## THE OLD STAND-BY

Rickety Ex, Co-Ex, Co-Ex!  
Rickety Ex, Co-Ex, Co-Ex!  
How do you do,  
Bully for you!  
T-r-a-i-n-i-n-g S-c-h-o-o-l!



Osborne House,  
Isle of Wight, May 2, 1899.

Dear Editors:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the advance copy of your "Annual." I have thoroughly studied your book and think of recommending it as part of the compulsory course of English at Oxford College.

Yours truly,

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Yasnaya, Polyana, Russia, May 2, 1899.

Editors:

Please mail me the entire second edition of your "Annual." I have pondered long over it and will have the Czar distribute the whole edition at the coming International Peace Conference, for its sound philosophy will greatly aid in calming the potentates.

Most peacefully,

COUNT PIOTR TOLSTOI.

Cairo, Egypt.

My Dear Editors:

I was so greatly pleased with your book that I am having it translated into my native tongue. I will also engrave it upon one of the great pyramids as a memento of my reign.

If you edit any more books you would greatly oblige me by sending copies.

Truly yours,

KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

Royal Palace,  
Constantinople, May 1, 1899.

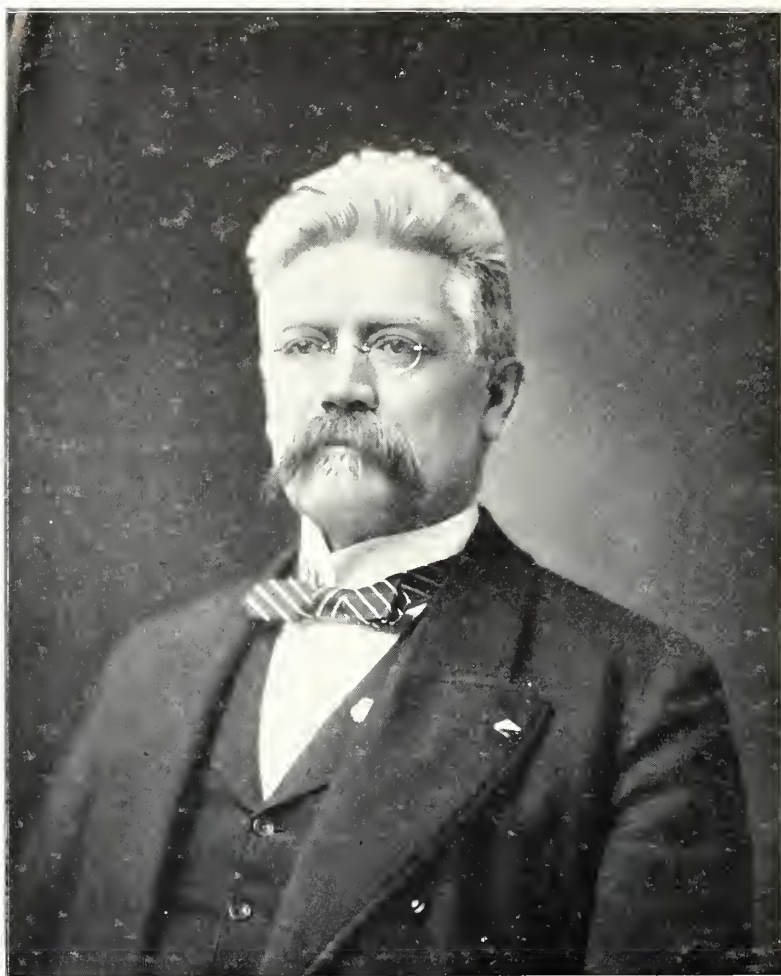
Editors of the "Annual":

Mail immediately twelve copies of your "Annual." I presented one of my wives with the advance copy of your book which you so kindly forwarded, and now the whole harem is in a jealous turmoil. Nothing will satisfy them but more copies of your beautifully illustrated "Annual."

You will greatly oblige me by mailing as soon as possible.

Yours respectfully,

SULTAN OF TURKEY.



To our Principal, whom we,  
the pupils of the Manual Training  
High School, one and all,  
honor and love,  
this little book is dedicated.

# MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL MAY - 1899





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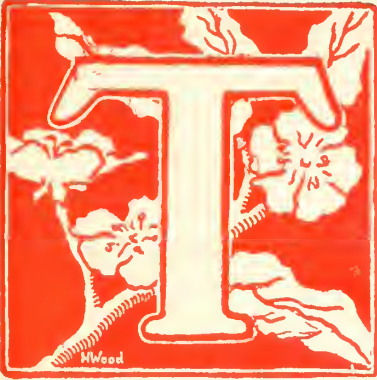


"What memories these things bring."

In the Old Attic.

## REMINISCENCES

(EXPURGATED EDITION)



THE place itself was pleasing—scattered all over its three stories with pictures and palms and plaster casts; these were to inspire a love of the beautiful in the Thousand Little Peacocks who lived in the Place. The Thousand Little Peacocks were under the charge of a Sedate Lion who wore his white mane pompadour. He was very fierce looking, but in reality he was the kindest old Lion that ever lived, and all the Little Peacocks adored him. It was not only on account of his broad shoulders that they admired him, but because he was so just and never took part against them merely because they were Little Peacocks.

Way up in the southeast corner of the Place was a Pretty Brown Thrush with a quakerish air, a very clever little Thrush, a very wise little Thrush, far wiser, perhaps, than some of the big animals of the Place. She had an enchanting way of trilling, "That's sufficient," and the tone of her "Exactly so," made the Little Peacocks fall heels over head in love with her. If thrushes could blush, one might be tempted to say she colored up in a most charming manner. In company with the Big Bear across the corridor, she taught the Little Peacocks how to peck away at the mysteries of Nature.

The Big Bear wasn't bad looking, though he always carried his head to one side. It was darkly hinted that he had been raised on a farm—indeed he occasionally acknowledged it. But the glory of authorship cast a halo 'round his black hair; though it's true the book was all about Gravitation and Electricity and Wave Theories—all those things that are so trying to the nerves of the Little Peacocks. Well, the Big Bear was no Chesterfield, but then he was a jolly fellow.

On the story below was a Dear Old Dove. Her plumage was scarcely ever ruffled, and when it was, she only said, "The good Little Peacocks will look at me; the bad ones needn't," gazing severely over her glasses. She taught them about the great Peacocks of past ages, and though it was all very delightful, once in a while they half wished they never had had any ancestors, never.

Not far from her was a Gray Crane. He wasn't a very handsome bird, but somehow those of the Little Peacocks who got to know him thought a good deal of him. He taught them to see form and combine colors; this he had studied in Paris. The Little Peacocks only learned it incidentally, for he was not given to speaking of himself.

From time to time, there wandered through the corridors a Red-Crested Woodpecker who always acted like a gentleman toward the Little Peacocks. The girls secretly liked his prefixing "Miss" to their first names. It helped to wile away the hour of Algebra or Geometry, and gave them a pleasing sense of their age and importance.

Near the cage door was a cultured Wolf, a college-bred Wolf, with a mixture of southern and eastern accents. He liked spice and sting in themes, but did not approve of printing pieces of the aforesaid qualities in school papers. (That is why this, which was originally a highly spiked punch, is now a harmless circus lemonade.) He was possessed of a great desire to run the affairs of certain organizations of the Little Peacocks. Sometimes when he met them outside the Place, he would forget to speak to them; which made the Little Peacocks very sad.

There were many other animals in the Place—a Bluebird who hovered 'round the cooking rooms was one, and a Fish, whose native element was the Shops, was another. Some the Little Peacocks liked, and some they didn't, but for four long years the animals were with them in the Place.

EX-PEACOCK, June, '98.



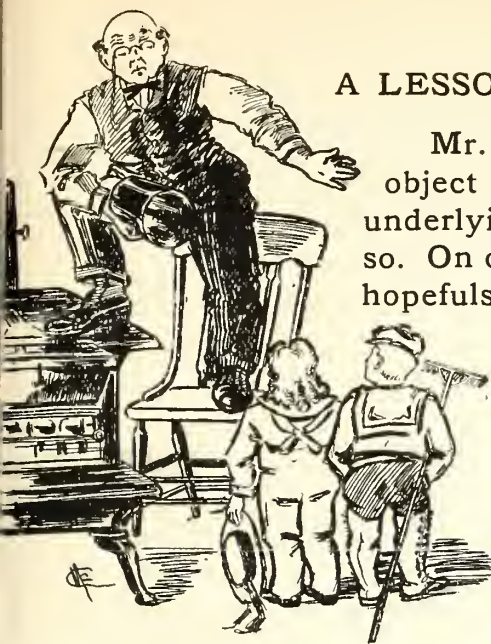
TO CUBA

Little isle with all your splendor,  
And skies so very blue;  
With sympathy so pure and tender,  
Uncle Sam is watching you.

JOSEPH GELMAN, Feb., '01.



## A LESSON IN PATIENCE



Mr. Holiday believed in giving his boys object lessons in the cardinal principles underlying all virtuous action, and often did so. On one occasion he said to his two young hopefuls who were playing in the back yard,

"Now, come into the house and I will show you that it is quite possible for a man to put up a stove-pipe without losing his patience." Rollo and Thaney came quickly as they usually did when their father spoke.

They seated themselves on a bench at one side of the room, eying the course of events with rather un-

certain interest. It was necessary that the pipe should run almost across the room and Mr. Holiday had arranged an impromptu scaffold of chairs and tables. After placing the stove in position he began to erect the pipe, explaining the reason for each step with painstaking care. When he had the upright portion in position and two or three pieces along the ceiling, he began to grow enthusiastic. "You see," he said, "it only requires a little care. If you use your brains you economize your patience. There is no reason why anyone should have trouble in merely putting up a stove-pipe."

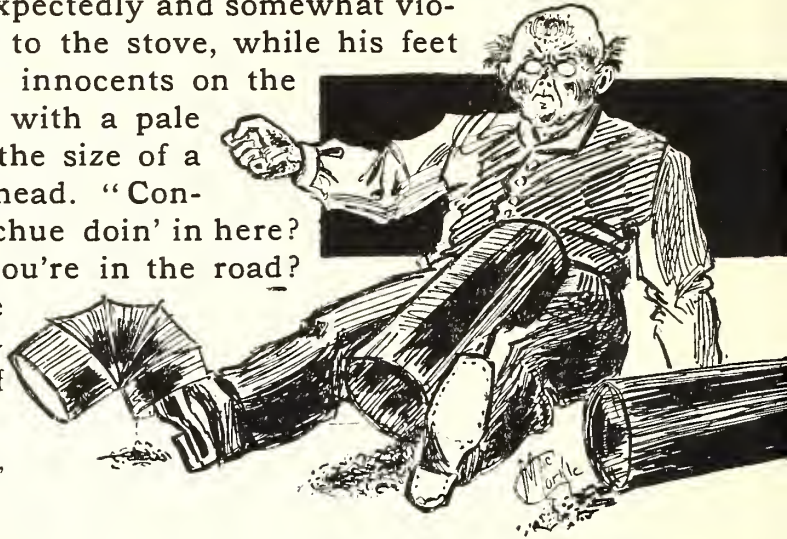
Here his lecture was interrupted by a shower of soot which filled his eyes and mouth and delivered a generous supply down his neck. He started to utter a questionable phrase but stopped. "Here — you see — — is where the — — — patience — comes in," he said, between his efforts to spit out the dirt. "Self-control is a jewel and few possess it."

The boys were evidently much impressed, for they sat leaning forward with faces turned upward, and eyes and mouths opened to the fullest extent. The performance was resumed and continued with great success till the last piece was being fitted in. Then the pipe came apart at the elbow and two joints fell upon the heads of the unsuspecting youths who seemed somewhat disconcerted by it. So did their father, who began — "The fool who made this pipe hadn't the sense—" Here he stopped, but resumed a moment later. "I was remarking that the gentle-

man who constructed this conductor for smoke was, perhaps, somewhat unskillful."

The two pieces were replaced, but in the course of the operation it came apart in the middle. He rushed to the scene of this new separation and wrestled vigorously with the pipe. As a natural result it all came down, pelting him on the head, shoulders and feet and rolling around the room with an awful din. In a vain attempt to escape he stepped off the table backwards and his head was unexpectedly and somewhat violently introduced to the stove, while his feet attacked the two innocents on the bench. He rose with a pale face and a bump the size of a cucumber on his head. "Confound you! wha-chue doin' in here? Can't chue see you're in the road? Get out!" The boys gladly obeyed, being in fear of bodily injury.

WILL R. BALLARD,  
June, '99.



## THE CRYSANTHEMUM

When cold gray days of winter come,  
Then blooms the brave Crysanthemum,

Nor fears the sting of biting winds,  
Nor deems the cunning frost unkind.

With stately pride it lifts its head  
In amber, yellow, white and red.

And color, clothed with beauty's grace,  
Bewitches, like a maiden's face.

A. RICHT, June, '99.



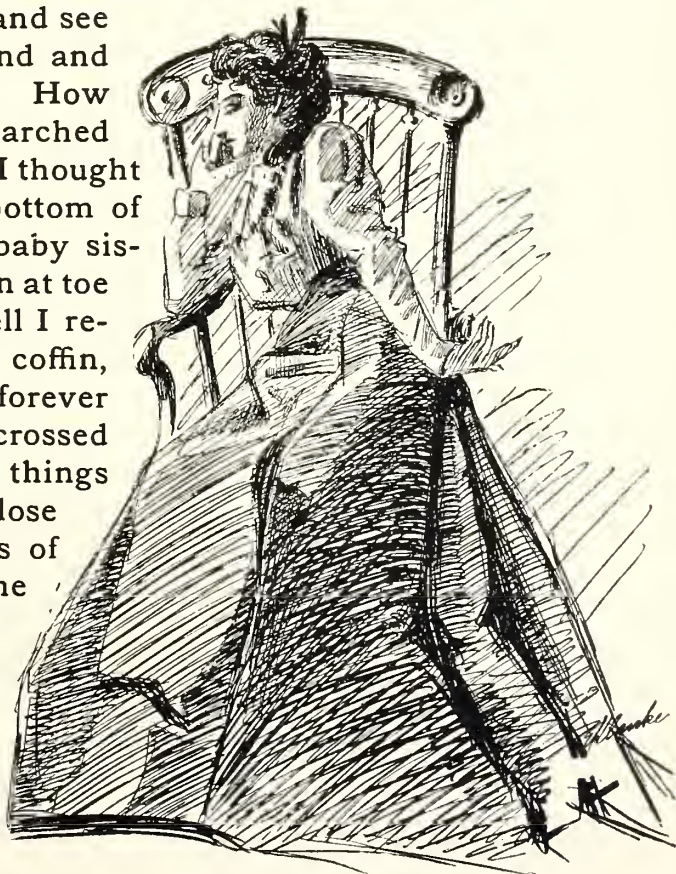
## IN THE OLD ATTIC

I feel so sad to-day. I hardly know why, for I am rich and therefore ought to be happy. But I don't wish to see anyone to-day, so I shall go up to the attic and see what has been stowed away there. How dusty the garret is. The sunbeams can scarcely struggle through the window-panes.

What memories these things bring. This was mother's chair, and how comfortable it feels. It creaks very audibly and would hardly suit my fashionable friends, but it is a rest to me. It makes me think of the dear, old, country home, and mother sitting in the old chair by the fire-place, and at her feet I sit, once more a happy child, with no cares and no riches. I smile as I think of the awkward little country girl I was then and the stylish woman of the world I am to-day. How long ago it seems.

But here is an old trunk. I can not remember what it contains. Ah! here on top is my first party dress, white satin slippers and fan. How well I remember the large, brilliantly lighted room with its beautiful decorations, the sweet music, the fragrant flowers and the merry dancers whirling lightly about. How old-fashioned the dress looks. What is this? A faded blue uniform and a soldier's cap. I seem to hear again the band playing triumphantly, the crowds cheering and see the old flag waving in the wind and the soldiers marching away. How mother wept when brother marched away that day and how grand I thought it all. And here in the very bottom of the old chest is a picture, my baby sister's. Those small shoes, worn at toe and heel, were hers. How well I remember her lying in the tiny coffin, the sweet, blue eyes closed forever and the dainty, waxen hands crossed in peace. Silently I lay the things back in their places, and softly close the lid of the trunk. Shadows of twilight are gathering fast in the old attic. I move slowly down the staircase and am soon back in the world of action again.

CARRIE BEGGS, June, '99.





## PHYSICIST, FINE

I tell you that I am a Physicist, fine.  
I understand everything in my line,  
And many experiments in which I  
spatter  
Deal with the various strange states of  
matter.

Now I want you to know that I have  
the ability

To put my great knowledge to startling utility;  
I've made molecules flop with the greatest agility  
In finding the outcome of malleability;  
And it's certainly not beyond my sensibility  
To notice, minutely, impenetrability;  
Experiments I've made, trying ductility,  
Also in testing a body's stability,  
In liquids and gases, compressibility,  
And in many magnets, permeability.  
I've seen scores of objects which had elasticity  
And studied of current and static 'lectricity.  
Glass tubes and water revealed capillarity;  
Magnets and filings did make plane, polarity.  
Some objects I've seen that possessed great porosity  
And fluids which Physicists say have viscosity.  
Now believe me, I tell you this is no monstrosity—  
A bullet I saw, with a comet's velocity.

I've seen electrification and polarization,  
Energy in process of transformation,  
The forming of crystals in crystallization;  
I know how to secure the right ventilation,  
And to cause condensation and vaporization.

Oh! You probably think that I have no veracity,  
But an oversupply of most shocking audacity,  
And you say that I haven't the slightest capacity  
To digest these terms with such awful rapacity.  
Doubtless your views you have formed with dexterity;  
Certainly I am not such a great rarity,  
For when you ask me so pleasantly, "What is infinity?"  
In my answer, I show I've not impeccability,  
So I think I had just better take in my wings  
And see what a longer experience brings.

McC., June, '99.

## CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the Manual Training High School "Annual":

Since the Manual Training High School has now been accredited by the University of Wisconsin, it will certainly be of some interest to my former schoolmates to know a few facts regarding this university.

The University of Wisconsin probably owes its greatest success to the liberality of the state. Besides its regular yearly income, derived chiefly from taxation, it has always received large special appropriations from the state. This year the legislature voted \$151,000 to the institution for the erection of several new buildings. A bill is now before the legislature which provides for a permanent annual state appropriation of \$268,000 instead of the former yearly tax revenue.

Next to the excellent faculty the library is the best part of the University. We have over 50,000 volumes and 12,000 pamphlets. The State Historical Society's collection comprises over 100,000 volumes and 90,000 pamphlets. By next autumn these two libraries will be one and will occupy the spacious and beautiful new library building which is now rapidly nearing its completion. Then the library will stand without a rival in the West.

Certain studies in the University are required of all students. One year of English, one year of mathematics (three hours per week), and one year of science work is demanded from everybody no matter what course one may take. Certainly the various courses have their additional requirements for graduation. For instance, the English course requires two years of German, one year of French and one year of History. Of course English is generally chosen as the major subject in this course; just as civics is generally selected as the major subject by students of the civic-historical course.

Nor is the physical man forgotten. All able-bodied students must take gymnastics and military drill during their Freshman and Sophomore years.

The country about Madison and the four lakes surrounding the city offers many opportunities for pleasant recreation. The University has erected a boat house for the use of the students, and, I need hardly add, the boats therein do not generally supply the wants of the student pleasure seekers and the "summer girls."



The beautiful hills and the pleasant climate are indeed inviting to the foot tourists, and even now one may see many of the undergraduates start out Sunday mornings for a tramp through the country.

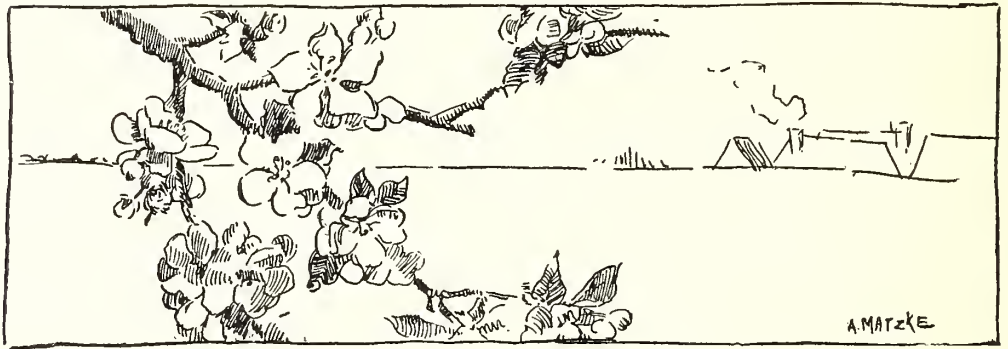
In short, the University of Wisconsin offers many advantages and has but few failings. Certainly we find lazy students and uncultured ones, but for the most part the students are earnest workers.

I sincerely hope that my fellow schoolmates at the Manual Training High School will take advantage of this institution of learning which has so recently been opened to them; they can now enter the University of Wisconsin without examination and the authorities here desire a large number of students from Indianapolis. If you will pardon me for saying so, I may add that my reception here has been very satisfactory to myself, and certainly very complimentary to the Manual Training High School.

Yours respectfully,

University of Wisconsin, May 1, 1899.

WILL CASTENHOLTZ.



To the Editor of the "Annual":

We had no idea of the special treat awaiting us in Amsterdam. I believe we were informed at the hotel of the Rembrandt collection, which owed its existence to the loan of Rembrandt pictures from the best art galleries of all Europe, not mentioning private collections. It was in honor of the coronation of Wilhelmina that the public was afforded such a rare opportunity of seeing at one time (and so, having the advantage of being able to compare them with each other) pictures which it would otherwise have taken months to reach, to say nothing of those unattainable because belonging to private collections.

Even then, for my part, I had not the slightest idea of what it could amount to to one who loved the gentle art of making pictures, but who knew very little about it. I believe, now, that I learned more in that one fag end of a day than I had ever learned when studying systematically under a good teacher. But it was all owing to a very delightful encounter.

My sister and I were wandering around, looking at things pell mell, and suffice it to say without understanding. We had lingered long over the sketches and studies of some of Rembrandt's best pictures, noticing his wonderful use of the line, although we didn't know then just what it was that made his figures look so mobile. In looking at those rough yet masterly sketches one felt a surety that they would never pall, that one could never really become familiar so as to have a contempt for them.

As we were sitting in one of the alcoves which contained, perhaps, the most noted of Rembrandt's work and an insignificant anatomical study, comparing them, we noticed an elderly gentleman doing the same thing that we were.

In this country, where one only expects to hear one tongue, one is a little more careful about the tone of voice in which one makes remarks in public places. I do not think we were talking loudly, however, and it was a great surprise to us when we noticed that we were attracting the man's attention. It never occurred to us that he might understand what we were saying, for he was so strictly and uncompromisingly a German type.

He came and seated himself on the divan beside us and began pointing out the beauties of the masterpiece in faultless English, quite as if we had been properly and regularly made known to each other. He directed our attention to the golden light for which Rembrandt is so famous, and then to the drawing and character that each of the faces contained. He also discovered to us a place where Rembrandt's name had been signed and then painted over for some reason.

He seemed to know a little anecdote or trick to each picture, and as we coaxed him back through the gallery, asking him about this head and that vast ox hung up in the cooling room of some butcher shop—he showed us something we had missed in each one. He encouraged us to express our likes and dislikes, confirming what was good in what we said and showing us where we were wrong.

He took us down to see "The Night Watch," another very

celebrated one of Rembrandt's many. It is an enormous canvas and the figures as I remember them are quite life size (a good copy of this painting hangs in the teachers' assembly room at the school). It hung alone in a room entirely darkened except for a window at the side of the picture which threw exactly the light needed. It was a cloudy day, but such is the wonder and warmth of Rembrandt's coloring that one could not shake off the impression that one was looking at the thing under a direct flood of brilliant sunlight.

He has caught the sunshine with his brush, imprisoned it in paint and fixed it on canvas for so long as a shred of it shall last.

EUNICE JAMESON.

Amsterdam, Holland, September 26, '98.



## THE PRECEPT NEGATIVE

To the Editor of the "Annual":

The Poet of Two Dimensions began the discussion, and all because the girl with a bit of purple at her throat had, over night (foolishly enough), tacked Isolde next to *Le Exposition du Salon des Cent*.

"Great Cazals! Who made you?"

"Beardsley, sir."

"I dare say his mind was relieved when he put you on paper."

"A man of ideas need not always express himself in the language of the deaf and dumb. My master sketched me with his hands in his pockets."

"Which accounts for the utter absence of virtues. You lack drawing and color and —"

"And delicacy," modestly ventured Boutet de Mouvel's *La Petité Poucette*.

"And notan," vaguely remarked the Hokusai looking into the dreamy distance of a Hiroshige for further inspiration.

"By Symous," began Isolde, "virtue is a mere tradition and as unreasonable as the law of precedence. Drawing was an art but once. It began with Raphael and ended with—Raphael. Since then it has been a means and not an end. As for color, why, it is simply a charitable medium by virtue of which man



can hide his grotesque conception of nature. A clear brush need not resort to purple paragraphs."

"Madam," exclaimed Union Morale severely but with commendable politeness, "a mood avec antipathie is not a principle of art. Man lives in the things that are, and to dwell on his shortcomings and things negative is suicide because the effects (being subjective, of course) are bound to strike back. My Puvis de Chavannes sees nature through a nature and not through an ink-stand."

"May I ask you who wrote Faust?" asked Isolde.

And Union Morale answered, "Gounod, of course."

"Not on your curves! Curiously enough all color people say that. A German did it, my pretty thing. (Here the Fischer Ausstellung poster looked superb; blushed and winked significantly.) He had no use for Sorboune greens or Pantheon purples, but notwithstanding his work is full of color because he understood and recognized the importance of values."

Thereupon the two Steinlein Cats got into a purring argument about their relative merits.

Said the one: "Yours is a queer point of view."

Said the other: "And therein lies its value—for in the interregnum between action and reaction there is always a period when a queer point of view forms the common meeting ground of all factions and schools."

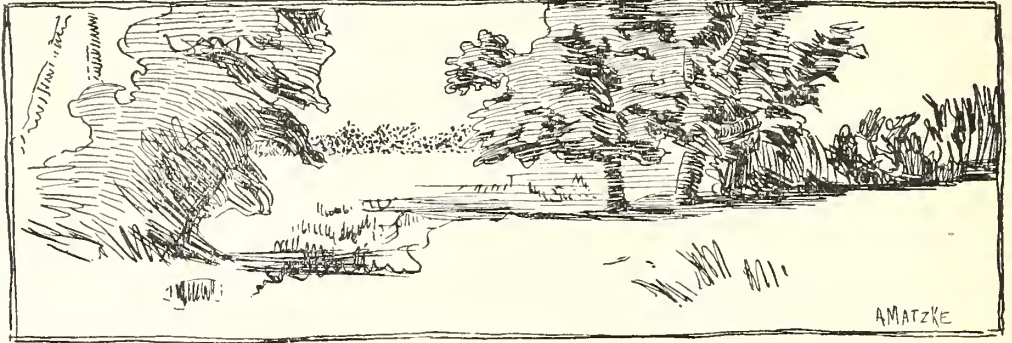
The vivacity of the whole thing was just a bit too oppressive for Gismonda. She looked her own lines over with pardonable pride and began:

"Before I came here I lived in a little cell by the sea. And as the days passed I saw the great ships with their sleek sides and well groomed decks steer clear of the long lines of red buoys in the channel and thus come safely to dock. Sometimes—once in a great, great while—I saw a smallish sail from some outlandish port. Her bearded mariner heeded not the laid out channel, nor the splurges of red upon the water. He buoyed the rocks and thus his responsibility was greater—but his reward was grand. Life, discipline, art—everything is a matter of two precepts. He who obeys the one follows tradition and convention, and is safe. He who follows the other has a dangerous way but it leads to individuality—and the solution of the personal equation. We are all expressions of this negative tendency. Our masters have done away with the laws, the thousand little rules

that bind us to tradition. To do a thing and show why it was done has been my maker's ultimate aim. Because taste, that most individual of things, has become a convention and is analyzed by empirical canons, because of that I say, a few of us seem to lack that which is most looked for. We are expressions of impressions, and in that purpose lies the triumph of the precept negative."

New York, April, 1899.

ANTON SCHERRER, M. T. H. S., Feb., '96.  
Columbia University, '00.



To the Editor of the "Annual":

It is three years since I have ceased being an active member of the Industrial Training School—the old name still clings to me and it is doubtful if I ever can become accustomed to the new one—but I still retain many fond recollections and recall with pleasure the many hours I have spent within its walls. I feel particularly indebted to it, for it opened the way to learning and awakened in me a desire to pursue studies, which it indicated to me. Many of you have doubtlessly been influenced by it in the same manner, and are anxiously looking forward to the time when you hope to be "college students," and are wondering whether there is a marked distinction between high school and college work.

As to the nature of work at Rose Polytechnic Institute, it is useless for me to attempt a description of it, since all of you are not interested in the same kinds of studies, and engineering would not appeal to you. But allow me to state that no matter what field of study you pursue, you will probably be surprised at its magnitude and its vastness, and you will soon realize that, if you become master of only a very small portion of it, you are



doing well. I particularly speak of mathematics—the power of the Calculus—its universal application to all realms of science. However each of you, who pursues some studies beyond high school work, will learn of that.

Let me give you an idea as to the external life as it exists at Rose Polytechnic Institute.

Our presence is required five and one-half days per week. The schedule of recitation and office or shop work is variable as regards time, that is, some days we are at the Institute from 8 to 12 o'clock in the morning and from 4 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon, other days from 10 to 12 in the morning and 4 to 6 in the afternoon. During the spring term, however, the institute closes at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, so as to give students, who wish, time to take out-door exercise. The work must therefore begin at 7 and 1 o'clock.

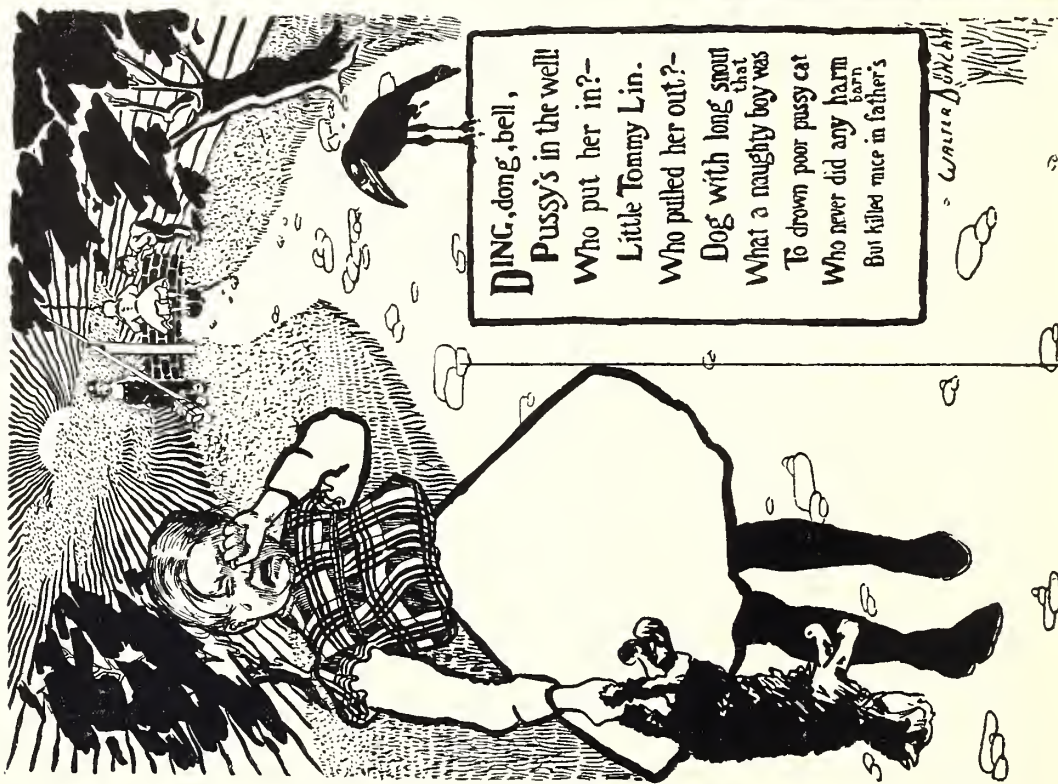
There is no general assembly room for the classes and the work is continuous. Recitations are one hour in length, while shop or office work runs continuously from three to five hours. The greater part of recitation work is given over to lectures by the professor in charge, on the subject-matter under consideration. Of course we never fail to provide ourselves with three or four note-books, and we are kept quite busy jotting down notes, as the professor talks. During each term there are frequent quizzes on the work pursued, the results of which to a great extent determine one's class mark. There are three terms per year. At the end of each, examinations are taken on the work considered. The time limit for an examination is four hours for each subject. Four or five days are usually required to complete the examinations.

The general average must be 60 per cent., and the minimum allowable in any one subject 40 per cent. This prevents specializing.

The only rule regulating absences is that for each absence a proportional part is deducted from the recitation mark. The resulting mark is averaged with the examination mark by the registrar.

HENRY LESER, M. T. H. S. Feb. '96, R. P. I. '00.

Terre Haute, April, 1899.



**D**ING, dong, bell,  
 Pussy's in the well!  
 Who put her in?—  
 Little Tommy Lin.  
 Who pulled her out?—  
 Dog with long snout  
 What a naughty boy was  
 To drown poor pussy cat  
 Who never did any harm  
 But killed mice in father's

*Wm. J. D. H. 1874*



**T**he man in the moon,  
 Came tumbling down  
 And asked the way to  
 Norwich.  
 He went by the South,  
 and burnt his mouth,  
 with eating cold-pease  
 porridge.

*R. H. Jollyday*

## FIRE-LIGHT

Sitting alone in the evening  
In a large old-fashioned room,  
Before a fire fast dying,  
With naught else to dispel the gloom.

Through the trees outside, which autumn  
Had stripped of their summer's dress,  
The wind was sighing and moaning,  
Like some one in distress;

It stirred the leaves in the corners  
Where they'd stowed themselves away,  
And shook the rattling casement  
Till ghosts seemed holding sway.

'Twas an ideal time for dreaming  
As I sat in solitude,  
And strange, fantastical shadows,  
Soon gave to my fancy, food.

As the flames shot upward and vanished,  
I saw in their fiery glow  
Reflections of happy moments  
And faces I used to know ;

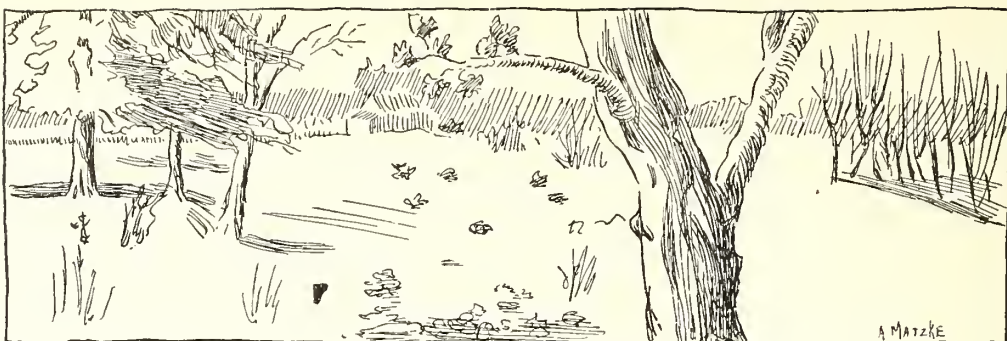
As they flickered and danced on the ceiling  
And transformed all things old,  
They lit up the faded hangings  
Until they seemed 'broidered in gold.

The coals formed fairy castles,  
In which I reigned supreme,  
But the flames soon made them ashes  
And left me a vanquished queen.

And as blessings are always brightest  
Just as they take their flight,  
The fire mouldered into ashes  
And left me alone in the night.

MABEL G. WALTERS, June, 1900.





## MISS DAVÉ

"Say, Pen, you can't guess whom I saw this evening," said Harry Fields as he walked into the dining-room. "No, of course not," answered his wife at the side-board. "Well," (with a bow) "Miss Margerite Davé, or formerly, Maggie Davis. She didn't use to be so proud and mighty, but since she's an actress, she is above speaking to common mortals. As I was coming past the hotel, whom should I see but Miss Margerite descending from a cab. I know she recognized me, although we have not met for many years. 'Good evening, Miss Davis,' I said, as pleased as could be to see an old friend, but she opened her black eyes in polite surprise and passed into the hotel.

"I can well remember the first time I saw her; I was then grocery boy at Pat McGuire's. One cold morning when delivering at the same hotel into which Miss Davé swept less than an hour ago, I noticed a poor girl with a torn red shawl wrapped about her head and shoulders, with hands and face purple from the cold, standing before the kitchen door talking earnestly to the head cook. There was then no haughty pride in her face or manners, but timid humility. I put my groceries on the table slowly and so heard most of the conversation. She was twelve years old—her name was Maggie Davis—her mother had died recently, and her father was a drunkard—oh, wouldn't he give her something to do, just so she would have a place to stay and keep warm? Her large dark eyes were filled with tears, as she looked wistfully into the cook's face, so after a few hems and haws, he concluded to take her a week on trial. I suppose that week must have been satisfactory, for she stayed month after

month, first working as dish washer, but later she was allowed to dust and help arrange the best rooms in the house.

"As I was daily at the hotel, I soon became well acquainted with the little black-eyed, black-haired beauty, and before a year had passed, we were the best of friends. She was cheerful and lighthearted, always ready for a good joke, or to play some prank on an unsuspecting victim. But she was most happy and entertaining when imitating some one. In the evenings when work was over, I would often go to the servant's hall, and there would be Maggie, the center of an admiring group of servants. Sometimes she would be singing a Scotch love song, an Irish or negro melody, to the amusement of her audience; sometimes a sad, sweet song or hymn in such a way as to bring tears to the eyes of her hearers. She had a sweet, clear soprano voice, capable of all the inflections necessary for good imitation. At times I found her seated before a table pretending to eat the imagined dainties set before her, in a very mincing manner, saying, 'Yes, indeed!' and 'No, my dear,' and smoothing back her own glossy curls in clever imitation of an old boarder, Miss Manly. Then she gave orders in a blustering voice, and tilted back in her chair, holding a newspaper over which she glowered as naturally as if she had been Mr. Fletcher himself.

"One Thursday evening especially I remember going into the room and seeing Maggie with a towel tied about her waist, balancing a tray on the five dainty fingers of her right hand and leaning with the other on the table. 'Yaas sah—waal—waal, I really doan know, sah,' she was saying with the greatest mock solemnity. The head cook roared and shook with laughter. He had a grudge against Jim, the colored waiter, and to see him thus mocked, tickled him more than anything else. Maggie, seeing her chance, laid down the tray and began beating an imaginary batter, singing in a thick, coarse voice a favorite song of the cook's, giving all the strong, steady rises and sudden wavery falls so accurately that it was impossible to keep a straight face. Darting across the room, she exclaimed in an angry voice, 'Git away, you hussy, if you wasn't so lazy an' good for nothin', the sauce wouldn't be lumpy an' dark. I don't see what would become of this here place if it wuzn't for me a-lookin' after the meals an' things; and what are you a-grinnin' at, Miss Maggie? Seems to me if you wuz out there a-sweepin' off the walk you'd be a-doin' more good in this here world.' The cook, unable to stand it any

longer, disappeared through the door. To see the tables thus turned, I was as much amused as the cook had been before. 'Don't laugh too hard, young man,' she said, and before I could make an answer, she had set my hat on the back of her head in a most becoming style, tucked a little stool under her left arm by way of a basket, and was shambling up from the opposite side of the room, whistling lustily. As she came toward me, the whistling stopped short, she lifted her hat quickly, and with a blush said, 'Good morning, Maggie,' then passed to the table, looking at me askance while depositing the imaginary groceries. Slowly she walked toward the couch, gave the stool a toss on to it, and then with a little run and jump, seated herself beside the stool, saying, 'Git up, Dolly,' and looking at me, waved the hat high in the air. I felt a little embarrassed, I must confess, but still I could not help laughing. It was all done so cleverly.

"That evening when she took me to the door, she looked at me smilingly, and said she knew I didn't mind being mimicked, I was so good-natured—'and oh, Harry, the old theater company is going to leave to-night, and I heard that the troupe coming in the morning is just fine; such good singing and dancing; don't you think we could go to-morrow night?' Of course, I thought we could, although I knew it would take the last penny of the previous week's pay. She could make a fellow spend more money than any girl I ever knew. I didn't get very much a week but I had no expenses whatever, and I was then sometimes compelled to borrow in order to keep up with Maggie's extravagant tastes, and my wish not to disappoint her. Well, we went the next night, and the play was real good. Maggie thoroughly enjoyed it, and told me if I would come around the next evening, she would go through with the new dance, give the tragic poses, and even attempt some of the elevated singing.

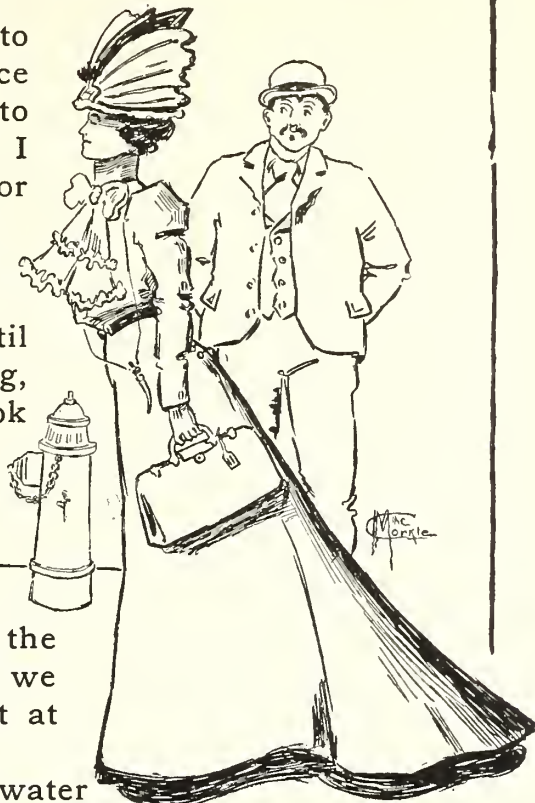
"So Friday evening I called early, and was both pleased and amazed to see how perfectly she went through it all. After one particularly difficult place, she turned to me saying, 'Wasn't that real well done?' I was just preparing to say it was 'simply grand,' when a voice from the door answered, 'Splendid.' We both looked toward the door and there saw the head actor of the play smiling at us. I was so astonished, I could say nothing, but Maggie spoke out with an angry sparkle in her black eyes, and a great deal of impertinence in her voice, 'It seems to me your place is at the theater instead of at that entrance.' 'I beg your—



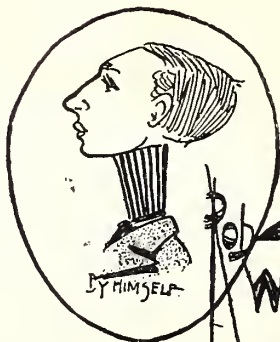
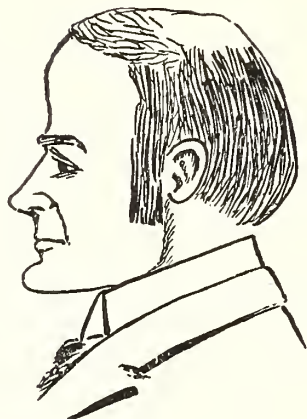
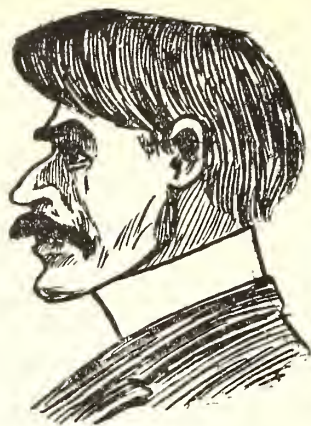
your pardon Miss,' he said, still smiling good-naturedly, 'but it—it is a trifle too early for my appearance on the stage, and—and as I heard you remark to one of the servants, that you were—were going to rehearse the play to-night to—to one of your friends (here with a glance at me), I—I thought I would look in to see how you succeeded, and—and I must say you did remarkably well for one of your—your age and size,' and with a low chuckle he closed the door. That was the last I saw of him, and the last time I saw her until this evening, for the next morning, when I brought the groceries, the cook said she was busy at work, and on Sunday evening when I called as usual, the theater troupe was gone, and so was Maggie. Here, after ten years, she comes back to this town as Miss Margerite Davé, and the leading lady in a company. Well, we shall go to see her to-morrow night at any rate.

"Mercy, Pen, isn't there any water in the room? I am so thirsty," and so Mr. Fields finished his story and sat down to enjoy his evening meal.

NELLIE CLAYTON, June, '99.



SOME TEACHERS,  
WITH APOLOGIES



ROB  
WILDHACK.



## AN ACCOUNT BY A NEW REPORTER

"A mad dog escaped on East Washington Street this morning and bit a boy, he set his dog on it and the owner came out with a stick and whipped another man's dog by mistake who threatened to have him arrested and as they had taken off their coats and were about to settle the quarrel at once, a policeman arrested the boy, the two men and the three dogs.

"The judge first questioned the boy who said that the man that owned the dog that bit him had allowed it to run loose, and after it had bitten he had set his dog on it, he came out to whip it and whipped the wrong dog and the other man whose dog he had whipped had threatened to have him arrested and also the man who had whipped his dog and the other man's dog.

"He next asked the man whose dog the boy had set his dog on and whose dog the other man had had whipped who said that his dog had got loose and the boy who had set his dog on it had teased it and it bit him and he set his dog on it and his dog being bigger than the other dog he went to help it and whipped the other man's dog who came out and threatened to have him arrested.

"The judge being a little puzzled then questioned the man whose dog had been whipped by the man whose dog had been whipped by the boy's dog. He said that he did not know anything about it except than the man whose dog had been whipped by the boy's dog had gone out to whip his dog but had whipped his dog by mistake and they were just getting ready to settle the quarrel when a policeman had arrested them all."

This was also the new reporter's last attempt.

WILL SCOTT, June, '00.





## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS PAID FOR PRIVATELY

Just published and on sale now, "The Art of Kicking as Applied to the Intellect," by J. P. Frenzel, K. I. K., Kickers' College.

J. W. before Sands may be taken in different ways. It could very pleasantly be Judge Wilford Sands, but, more appropriately, Jay Windy Sands.

An ordinance against expectorating on the street could not touch Rob Yoke. His collars are so very high that such an act would be impossible.

The latest report is that our dear brother Herbert Moore is insane. He is not dangerous, but all he does from morning till night is to mutter, "Oh! what will we do about our concert?" This has been the case now for over a month.

The rumor is that Elizabeth Steinhagen's last theme was marked " 'A,'—Double Plus, X, Y, Z through the ceiling to the sky point." The main problem now is to invent a mark high enough for her next one.

Say! Is there any truth in the report that our own dear Senior Albert Richt is to take Theodore Thomas's place as director of that gentleman's orchestra next year? If that is so, maybe the next graduating class can get the orchestra for their final concert. Wouldn't that be "nice"?

If the degree of intellectuality is determined by the intensity of one's frown, we poor mortals are unfit to associate with Will R. Ballard.

Some one said that Herman Scherrer got such a quantity of solid geometry, trigonometry and higher algebra into his head when he was a small boy that the weight ever since has been so terrible as to render all further upward growth impossible.

The English VIII class was seriously disturbed the other day by a loud noise in the right hand side of the room. It was discovered that one of Wildhack's German Jokes had cracked ahead of time. Poor boy; he couldn't help it; it wasn't his fault.

What if Sand's windpipe should get stopped up or burst. Wouldn't that be a calamity?

"I believe that half the pleasure of hunting comes from the unconscious enjoyment of nature. That's true, isn't it, Alig?"

It is surely springtime, judging from the bloom in Jessica Eberhardt's cheeks.

Behold! a second Milton hath arisen. Of course the wonder is possessed by the class of June, '99. Louise Iske has written the thirteenth book to Paradise Lost.

"Pair o' dice" Lost! Finder return to Milton Rastus Light-foot.

All disputes on heredity may be referred to Elizabeth Ruark. She will see that the mother is well represented.

We can very easily imagine G. E. Irish to be an American. His initials stand for German English Irish. That combination surely ought to make him a full-blooded American.

At a ball game the other day, Carl was very much offended at hearing some men talking about high "Bals."

The next time Bessie Buchanan has a cherry to drop from her new spring hat, she will kindly notify all the boys in the class so that each may have an equal chance at it.

"This kind of steel," said our chemistry lecturer, "is used for making 'cheap skates.'" Few of us ever knew what "cheap skates" were made of, before.



## NOTICE

Duel next St. Patrick's Day under the supervision of the class of '99.

Participants: The two Macs; McCorkle and McDade.

The principal words of the challenge are: "He shteped on the tail o' me coat."

Weapons: McC., Bog oak shillaly and two snakes. McD., Blackthorn shillaly and a pair of coat tails.

Time: The fighting will cease when the participants are "half-shot."

I went fishing near the beach in a small boat, the other day. The Sands were blowing, but I caught many Heron and was Jolly, thinking myself very Smart. However, I would not have

objected to catching Moore. One of those severe sea Storms was gathering, so I hurried toward town. On the road, I met an old man who Beggs about the city. He stopped Stark still when he saw me and said: "You didn't catch all them." That caused the fire in me to Kindall and aroused my Irish, so I thrashed him. "Say, Yule get locked up for this," said he, but I wasn't afraid. That night I took a Wildhack and went to one of those seaside summer Bals where I told my story fifty times. I guess I wasn't just Wright on going home, for in the morning there was a rare, dark Brown taste in my mouth.

"Who has that cherry off my hat?"

Our Bessie B. did cry.

Each one of three meek looking youths

Bowed low and said, "Not I!"

"But surely some one has it,"

Again did Bessie cry.

Each innocent once more looked down

And answered, "'Tis not I."

Lesson—

From the foregoing, young ladies should learn that the young man, as a rule, has a striking affinity for the cherry. The only thing that supersedes the cherry is the "peach." However, in this case, the cherry was above the "peach."

Julius Herrman, pounder of piano at the "Paderwhisky" College of Music. Rates for piano solos, \$500.00 a pound. Not more than two pounds will be given on any one programme.

The editor tried to pin the manuscript containing these remarks together, but found them so tough that he couldn't stick a pin through the paper.



## SOME RECENT INVENTIONS

Frank Cline—A material for transfiguring corpses before planting.

Harry Wood—A machine for counting your chickens before they are hatched.

Lillie Loeper—A device for writing poetry. You turn the crank, it does the rest.



Harvey Emrich—A human incubator. He intends to make its first trial personally.

Walter Eckhouse—A hydraulic press arranged for lateral pressure. Guaranteed to add one foot to a person's height if it can be spared from the width.

Clair Peck—A device for making boys sing. Not practical however.

Ralph Young—A device for grafting winter apples on the side of the head. Can be applied only during extremely cold weather.

Mabel Walters—A voice moderator. For personal use.

David Goldrick—A means for harnessing the ocean.

Grace Thompson—A device for detecting gentlemen at sight.

Lorenz Schmidt—A nerve tonic.

Eunice Johnson—A map-drawing machine. It is not practical, as all the maps resemble animals.

Harry Orme—A device for inspiring flowery compositions.



Carl Bals—Jack and his bean-stalk up-to-date,  
Some legs are long, some short,  
But this is fate.

Herman Sherrer—There's one among us who's a holy terror,  
As full of mischief as a clock of works,  
And this is Sherrer.

A. Patrick MacCorkle, orator—

The words fall thund'ring from his mighty tongue,  
As sounds are magnified, when ear is laid on barrel-bung,  
From which luscious contents have been drawn and drunk.

Mamie Jolly—There's Mamie Jolly, honest dig,  
For nonsense, cares she not a fig.

Who is the Indianapolis High School student that ate the soured cream-puff at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition without saying a word? Was the girl who gave it to him good-looking?

Walter Eckhouse, our fat boy, is a decided anti-expansionist.

If you value your life or your reputation, do not approach Mr. Newsome with any idea that is "distinctly cheap."

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Poems—"Bliss Under the Mistletoe," by Mary Connor. The author's whole charming personality is thrown into the subject. One feels that the inspirations come from real experiences.

Poems—"Moonlight," by Ben Minor. This should be of special interest to young men hit by "Cupid's Dart."

"Social Reform Lectures," Ed. Alfree. Like all of Mr. Alfree's works, these lectures contain many and brilliant ideas. Certainly, no one should miss reading the one entitled, "Darkness Makes Us More Sociable."

"Mother Goose Posters," Walter Duncan. The coloring of these fully illustrates Mr. Duncan's deep and thorough study of children's tastes.

"How to Laugh in Fifteen Different Ways," is a chatty book by Miss Margaret Kinnan. Actresses and society women will find it of great benefit.

"Short Stories for Children," Albert Chill. The story "Hail Storm in Chicago," is guaranteed to hold any child's attention for hours.



## A YOUTH'S SOLILOQUY

"I use my little black comb now,  
To comb my auburn hair;  
But after bit—I will use it  
To comb my moustache fair!"

B W. P.

Label.	Age.	Occupation.	Favorite Study.	Chum.	Destiny.
Alfree . . . . .	Bondage	Mechanic	Social Reform	The Pup	The Pulpit
Arndt . . . . .	Language	Grammarian	Reed and Kellogg	The Skeeter	The Plow
Claiborne . . . . .	Tileage	Ditcher	Woman's Rights	E. C. Stanton	Lawyer
Crane . . . . .	Plumage	Feather Renovator	Poetizing	Virgil	Pater Familias
Chill . . . . .	Cold Storage	Ice-packer	Singing	Mary	Dime Museum
Dickson No. 1 . . . . .	Engage	Loving	Latin!!!	His Master	A Kennel
Dickson No. 2 . . . . .	Coinage	Counterfeiter	— (not guilty)	Chumless	Pedagogy
Fiesel . . . . .	Ageless	Loafer	Free Lunch	Weary Wiggles	The Street Corner
Kinnan . . . . .	Tr-age-dy	Actress	The Drama	Shakespeare	The Stage
Kirk . . . . .	Cribbage	Study (?)	Virgil	Victoria	Orcus
Laatz . . . . .	Frontage	Real Estate	Latin	Cholly	The Grave
McDonald . . . . .	Cooperage	Driller	Biology	The Swamp	The Shades
Marks . . . . .	Presage	Seer	Chirography	Chalk	Scribe
Miller . . . . .	Grindage	Bread-giver	Religion	Flour	Heaven
Meuser . . . . .	Sausage	Butcher	Civil Government	Sue	Old Maid
Morgan . . . . .	Nonage	Looking Sweet	The Bible	St. Cecilia	An Angel
Minor . . . . .	Tonnage	Coal-heaver	Girls	Alfree	None
Pfafflin . . . . .	Peerage	War	Heraldry	Don Quixote	Glory
Wolf . . . . .	Savage	Hunter	Lambs	Fox	Trap
Trindle . . . . .	Marriage	Sparking	Genus homo	Henry VIII	Paradise (pair o' dice)
Steeg . . . . .	Mileage	Section-hand	— (innocent)	Pick and Shovel	D. D.
Greener . . . . .	Foliage	Nurseryman	Botany	Mrs. Nosey	The Kitchen

## ODE TO A SPRAINED ANKLE

A curse upon thy painful stang  
That shoots my tortured foot along,  
Rackin' my bones with bitter twang,  
    With knawin' vengeance,  
Tearin' my toes with many a pang  
    Like rackin' engines.

When cramps take hold or ague freezes,  
Rheumatics gnaw or la grippe sneezes,  
Our pupils' sympathy may ease us  
    With good intent.  
But the "Hobo Club" chased off and got  
    Some liniment.

With that "Hobo Club" beyond my reach,  
It's awful hard to sit and preach,  
And these pupils are so hard to teach  
    In a recitation.  
It makes my foot and thoughts one great  
    Conglomeration.

Of course I hate that "Hobo Club,"  
And every chance they'll get a rub,  
And from now on that gang I'll snub  
    With good excuse.  
Not liniment they gave me. 'Twas  
    Electric juice.

That club and I can't get along,  
They're always doing something wrong.  
I used that stuff and it's awful strong,  
    Not liniment.  
Concoction only a Hobo could make,  
Concoction "Cliney" said to take,  
    'Twill colds prevent.  
    Not liniment.

WILL SCOTT, June, '00.



GEOMETRICAL  
TERM  
A PLANE FIGURE



## JOB'S DOWNFALL

Every evening from 9:30 till 10 the cadets are at liberty. Everyone is allowed to do much as he pleases that half-hour. Each seizes the opportunity eagerly, fearful lest it should escape him. Into that short half-hour is crowded all the jokes and rollicksome fun that boyish vigor can possibly put into it.

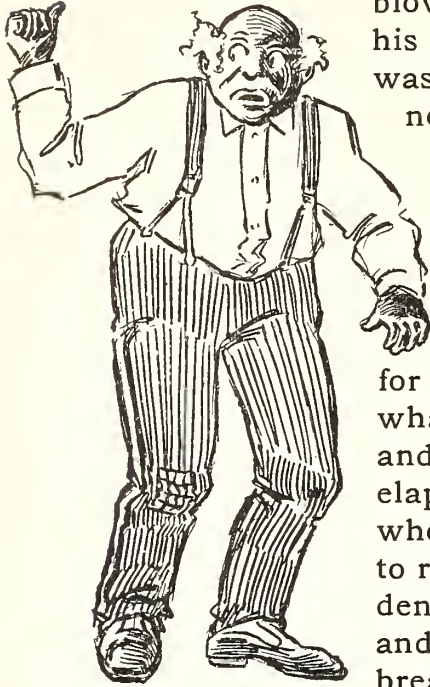
It was 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening and taps had sounded and fun was suspended for another long 24 hours. A chorus of good-nights echoed down the long corridor, a hurried rush of feet, and a slamming of doors followed. One by one the lights in each room went out. In five minutes the old hall was deserted and silent, its low turned lamps cast a ghastly gleam on the white walls. Not a sound was heard, except a heavy, monotonous, military tread of feet. It was Lieutenant Randale, the inspecting officer, going his rounds. He stopped at each room long enough to open the door and swing in his lantern to see that "all was well." The sound of his tread became fainter and fainter until it was finally lost in the labyrinth of corridors.

The lieutenant had just finished his rounds and was sitting in his office, when—Hark! What was that! A bump, bump, bump, then a clatter. Lieutenant Randale sprang from his chair, exclaiming, "That's another one of their tricks, but they'll pay for this one."

To tell the experience of one cadet that night is to tell that of every cadet. "I was just falling into a good doze," said Merritt, relating his experience, when I started up with a faint idea that I had heard something. I listened, as well as my sleepy senses would allow, for a moment, and as everything was so still I concluded it was nothing. I turned over and was soon in a heavy sleep.

Reveille!!! Could it be morning? I was not mistaken this time for there it was again. Surely it was not morning, but Reveille meant to get up and I obeyed for habit's sake. Suddenly I heard a hurried opening and shutting of doors. In another moment the officer in charge opened my door, and commanded: "Appear at armory, in parade dress, in five minutes," then was gone.

I dressed and hurried out. When I arrived at the armory, there stood line after line of cadets at attention. I fell into place and waited.



The enraged officer paced up and down in front of the lines. His face was red with anger and his eyes snapped revenge. Up he strode, wheeled around and back again. He began to puff and blow with the vehemence of exertion, in spite of his efforts to maintain his dignity. Each cadet was compelled to look straight in front and could not by word or look question his neighbor as to the cause of all this. We stood thus a long ten minutes when the officer suddenly halted and said, in a stern angry voice, "You are here to stay until the one who did that confesses," then resumed his striding. Did what? But I could not hope for an answer to this, although I did hope that, whatever it was, whoever did it would 'fess up and let us go to bed. Another five minutes elapsed and I had fully resolved if that fellow, whoever he was, didn't tell soon he'd have cause to remember me, if I ever found him out. Suddenly the door opened at the far end of the hall and old colored Job came running up, all out of breath. "I come soon's I heerd what you all wus doin'—send um to bed cause it's me—couldn't help it though, fell at the beginnin' on dem third stairs and dat dar tin pail flew out me hand and went clean to der bottom."

ELIZABETH STEINHAGEN, June, '99.



## DON'TS

Don't try to escape Mr. G—n, before 8:00 A. M. He'll catch you.

Don't fail to read the "Annual."

Don't kick the piano in the Senior room.

Don't you think the concert given by the graduating class was fine?

Don't think Wilford is the only boy in the Senior class because he is a favorite with the lower grade girls.

Don't be partial, but take a different girl out walking every noon hour.

## A GLIMPSE INTO THE STUDIO

Far, far away to the north end of the second floor are two mysterious rooms. Once every half hour or so, the casual passer may see a crowd of long-haired and short-haired, red-haired and yellow-haired, large and small Bohemians making a grand rush toward the strange apartments. These places are the haunts of the artists.

Once upon a time, Old Mr. Observer ventured in and this is what he saw. Twenty or thirty individuals were working at something which was very absorbing. "Oh—, I see," mused the old gentleman, after standing in silent astonishment for a few minutes, "they are drawing." At that moment a critical voice behind him cried, "You have lost your principle of unity." He turned around sharply and was brought face to face with one of the instructors. "Why, I hadn't thought I'd lost anything," said Mr. Observer, curiously. He was finally made to understand that this remark only applied to the work of a long-haired student. To this explanation Mr. O. added the conclusion, "Well, if that aint strange." After this, the instructor thought it best to take our aged friend in charge.

The Manual Training High School Bohemians were working on a set of posters advertising the annual Arts and Crafts Exhibition of Indianapolis. The studio walls were lined with posters of the various magazine artists, and these were by no means subdued in their tints. Now, Mr. Observer is naturally a very staid personage who, in his dress, prefers the quiet color scheme of a plain gray suit with a black tie, so it was probably a little unfortunate that he happened in at this moment. He gazed long and steadfastly at the display, looking from the walls to the workers' easels and then back to the pictures on the walls. He mumbled something about "not havin' advantages the like o' that when I was a boy," and other things which could not be distinguished.





"In this poster you will notice how the artist has handled the principle of subordination," said the instructor.

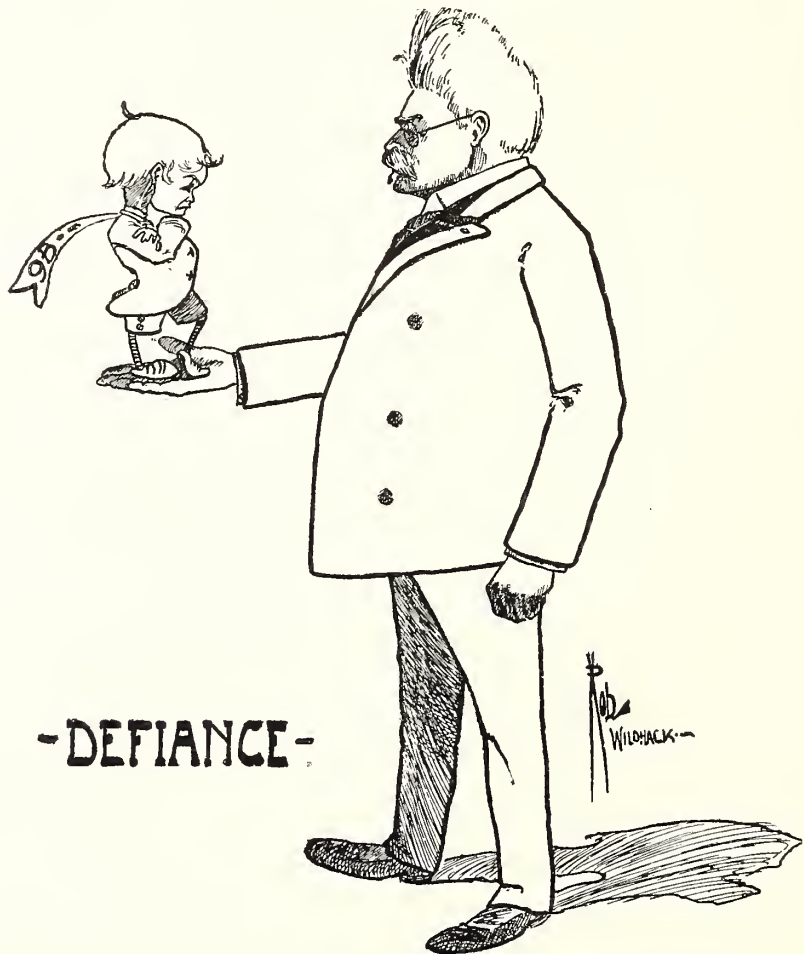
"The which?" from Mr. O.

"Why, the subordination."

"Oh, yes, I see, I see. That man there on them gallows shows plainly that we all must be subordinate to the law and the president. Well there is somethin' in this high art after all! There's surely somethin' in it."

About this time, the guide noticed his charge frequently applying a large red handkerchief to his eyes and, guessing the cause, led him out the door to a place where the vivid poster colors, flashing back and forth through the room, were no longer visible. The old gentleman's eyes ceased watering almost immediately. He professed great satisfaction at what he had seen and wandered off to some other department where he could learn as much.

"A LONG-HAIRED BOHEMIAN," June, '99.







## THE MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL IN LATE WAR WITH SPAIN

The call for volunteers for the Spanish-American war was answered promptly and enthusiastically by many Manual Training High School students. Through failure to pass the physical examination some were doomed to disappointment. We were well represented in army and navy. In the navy by Cadet William Steinhagen, now of Annapolis, who was ordered to the first fight at Santiago on the Iowa, but the order was miscarried and by the time it reached here it was too late, so he was sent south on the St. Louis which brought home the prisoners, among whom was Admiral Cervera.

Most of our boys enlisted in the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Indiana Regiment which did not get to fight or see foreign soil, but which did get to experience a great deal of hard camp-life. The encampment at home was as a prolonged picnic and visitors paid every attention possible.

When the expected order to move to Chickamauga came, the happiness of the boys was unbounded. Their faces beamed with joy and all hurried about, getting ready to go to the front. As the boys grew happier the parents and friends grew more sad. The attention shown by the citizens at large on the day of our departure was touching. Relations were more beloved and friends seemed nearer than ever before. The sad farewells left many of the boys feeling bad but still there was a selfish satisfaction in knowing that we were appreciated.

The advance-guard had selected a pretty but inconvenient place for camping. The nearest drinking-water was a mile away and in a few days the supply gave out, making a water-detail go seven miles to Blue Springs twice a day. Wells were driven but were soon condemned. The camp had many good qualities. It was on an incline so that all rain ran off immediately and when

inspected was found in good enough condition to allow us to stay there for three more months. The same routine of drill, guard-mount and guard-duty made camp-life monotonous. Once in a while we would be relieved by a forced march, sham-battle or target-practice.



As there were no drills on Sunday, we tried to run guard-line but did not always succeed. Volunteers were sometimes shot at in passing the regulars' lines. A day in town without a pass meant several days of hard work. While there, one was kept busy dodging the provost-guards. Then next morning he was taken before the major and tried. A fine of two or three dollars and two or three days was the usual reward. If there was no work to be done one was taken out by a guard and made to dig a hole and fill it up. Once the writer was ordered to take his best friend out and see that he dug a hole and filled it up. The order had to be obeyed.

Many things serious at the time seem comical and laughable to us now. Imagine waking up in the morning after a night of heavy rain-fall and finding your tent shrunken enough to pull the stakes out of the softened ground and your clothes drenched. This happened to one of our boys. As a personal experience the writer recalls a night of guard duty at the mule yards. It began to rain and grew as dark as can be imagined. The beat was not clearly discernible and had two turns in it. After walking until he realized he had lost his beat, he stopped and called for the corporal, who set him right. There he stood afraid to move on account of the mules around until relieved.

On the off hours at the guard-house the time was passed singing, telling stories or writing. The old patriotic songs were appropriate, the camp being "on the old camp-grounds" of the Civil War. "Marching Through Georgia" was not sung because of the southern boys in camp about us. By the time the order came to move to Knoxville we had begun to think of Chickamauga as a second home.



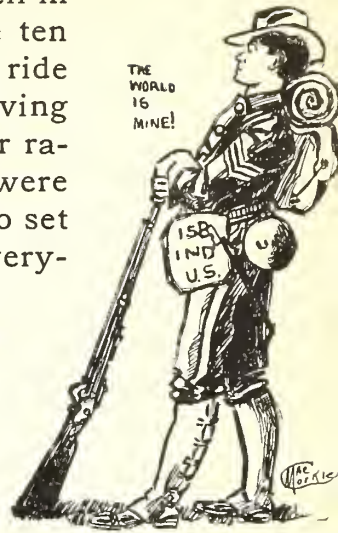
The trip to Knoxville was a pleasant one. We were put off the train about a mile from the camping-ground, but it seemed ten miles on account of the hills. The camp was so hilly that it prevented drilling, and as there were no roll-calls, all there was to do was to have a good time, which invariably ended in getting into trouble.

When the order to move to Indianapolis came the excite-



ment was uncontrollable. The band turned out and all fell in line singing "We are going home to drill no more." The ten days between the order and the action seemed a year. The ride home was well prepared for. The money we had been saving for a rainy day was needed no more now and was spent for rations. Singing and yelling, we passed stations where people were crowded to see us return. The boys fought to be the first to set foot on Indiana soil. The reception at home was grand. Everybody seemed to be out even if it was raining, and for the first time for months all had more than they could eat. The first night was supposed to be spent in cars but there was no use trying to hold the boys. The whole regiment was furnished with dinner at Camp Mount next day. A guard line was thrown out as usual, but it was of no use again. A thirty days' furlough was soon granted all the boys and on our return we were mustered out. We were glad because we had done our duty and our best, and since we were not going to the front we wanted to stay at home. If there had been a chance to go to the front, not one would have wanted to come home, and now if such a chance would again be given the same ones would be first to go.

RALPH YOUNG, June, '00, Co. D, 158 Reg., I. N. G.



A HOT GAME

On Friday, May 5, there was presented to the school by the class of January, '99, a magnificent token of their good-feeling and appreciation for the opportunities afforded them during their four years of work here. This was a Braun carbon of Murillo's great painting "The Immaculate Conception," purchased from the proceeds of an entertainment given by the class last fall. On behalf of the class, Miss Maria Leonard presented the picture and Mr. Emmerich accepted for the school. We are to be congratulated on possessing the largest carbon in the city.

The concert given in the auditorium, Friday evening, April 28, by the class of June, '99, was a great success. A large and attentive audience was present. Those who took part were: The Amphion Club, Mrs. John P. Frenzel, Mrs. Laura MacCorkle-Gagg, Miss Eunice Jameson and Mr. Walter Kipp. The proceeds of the concert, which amount to about \$130, will be used by the class in purchasing a memorial for the school.



## THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SHOW

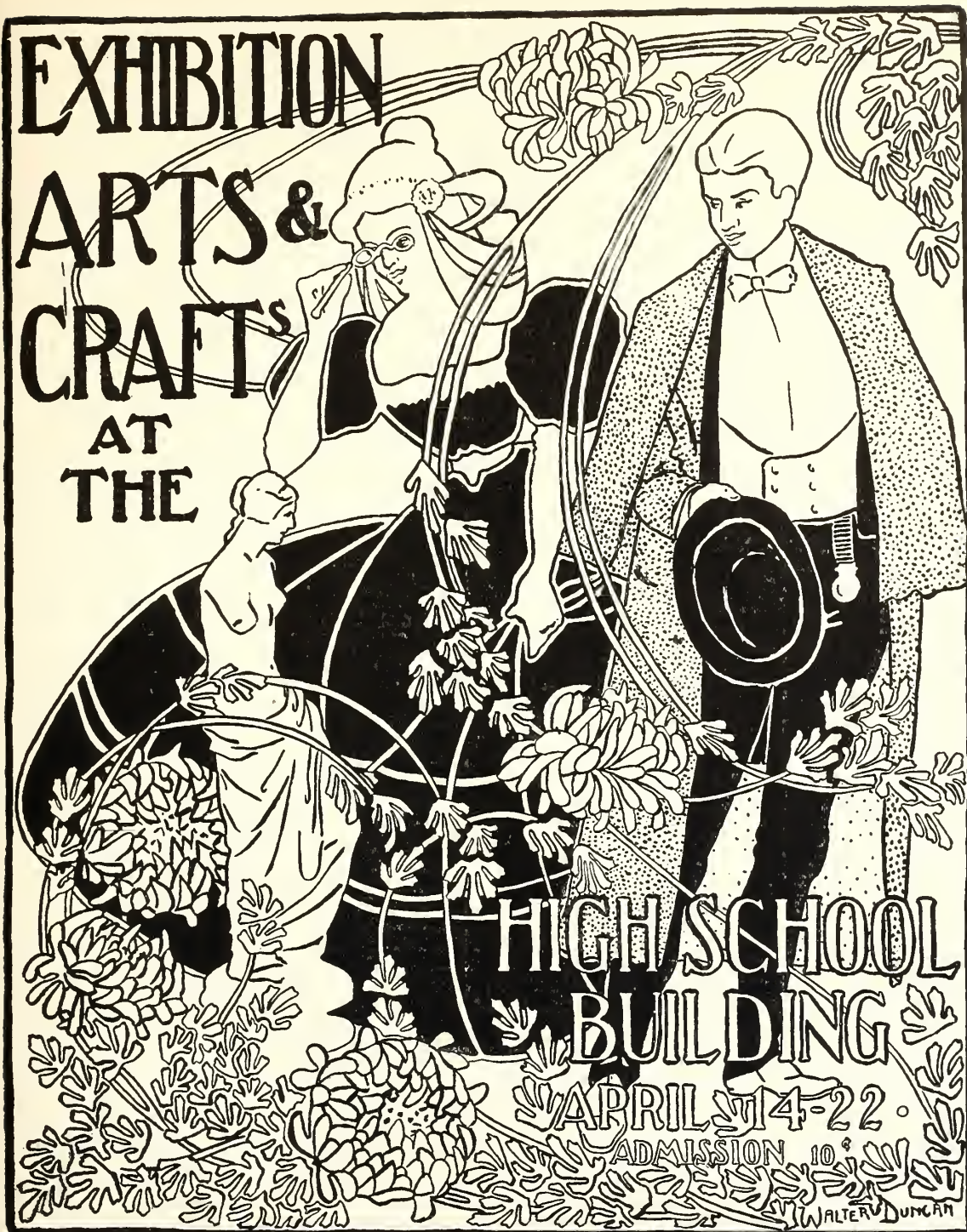
From the fourteenth to the twenty-second of April, the second annual Arts and Crafts Exhibition of Indianapolis was held in the Indianapolis High School building. It consisted principally of the work of professionals in many different lines of arts and crafts, mainly from this city. There was, however, much space devoted to the work of pupils of the lower grade schools and the high schools of Indianapolis.

An especially good place was given to the Manual Training High School. Two rooms were used for our technical work and a good sized portion of the large assembly hall was occupied by our drawing department's productions. The principal departments represented were: the wood-working, forging, foundry, machine fitting, cooking, sewing, art, mechanical drawing, book-keeping and typewriting.

Many exclamations of astonishment came from the visitors as they saw the work of these departments. It was hard to make them believe that such things as the turning lathes were made entirely by Manual Training High School pupils. Several persons were heard to say, "Well, I know they didn't do it." A few more Arts and Crafts Exhibitions will do much, although probably somewhat indirectly, toward attracting public notice to the Manual Training High School.



# EXHIBITION ARTS & CRAFTS AT THE



HIGH SCHOOL  
BUILDING

APRIL 14-22.

ADMISSION 10¢

WALTER DUNCAN

## JANUARY CLASS OF '99

Motto: "Ultimate Good, Not Present Pleasure"

Colors: Royal Purple and Green

Flower: Violet

Yell

Boompa Lacka Bah!

Rickety ——— Ah!

January, Ninety-nine,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

### Officers

Theodore F. Vonnegut	. . .	President
Wood Noel	. . .	Vice-President
Louie Borinstein	. . .	Secretary
George Scott Olive	. . .	Treasurer
Anna Kautsky	. . .	Historian
Blanche Coyle	. . .	Poet
Maria Leonard	. . .	Prophet

### Class Members

Chas. A. Bates	Stella Greer	George Scott Olive
Louise Boyer	John Gisler	Gertrude Reynolds
Louie Borinstein	Horace Gwinn	Elsie Stanear
Katie Bly	Flora Hervey	Edna Stephens
Will Castenholtz	Kenneth Jeffries	Ida Smith
Blanche Coyle	Maria Leonard	Theo. F. Vonnegut
Ada Dickhut	Anna Kautsky	Fred Van Pelt
Nettie Grayham	Lillie Lipman	Samuel Watkins
Lena Gutzwiller	Wood Noel, Jr.	Susie Wallace
	James Martin	



## CLASS OF JUNE, '99

Motto: "Think, Resolve, Act"

Colors: Violet and White

Flower: Violet

### Yell

'Ninety-nine Yip, Yip! 'Ninety-nine Yow, Row!

Boomerang, Boomerang, Ho, Hang, Ho!

Eu—reka Ah! Boom, Boom, Bah!

June Nine, 'Ninety-nine, Rah! Rah! Rah!

### Officers

Allen Jay MacCorkle	.	.	.	.	President
Carrie Beggs	.	.	.	.	Vice-President
Delos Alig	.	.	.	.	Secretary
Herman Scherrer	.	.	.	.	Treasurer
Will R. Ballard	.	.	.	.	Historian
Robert Wildhack	.	.	.	.	Prophet
Herbert Moore	.	.	.	.	Poet

### Class Members

Delos Alig	Jno. P. Frenzel, Jr.	Herbert J. MacDade
Dora May Allison	Eva K. Gessler	Herbert Moore
William R. Ballard	Alva Orion Griest	Albert Richt
Carl H. Bals	Chas. W. Heron	Elizabeth Ruark
Carrie B. Beggs	Julius F. Herrman	Wilford J. Sands
Emma Borinstein	May Hinchman	Herman A. Scherrer
Grace Brown	Louise M. Iske	Herbert Smart
Bess Buchanan	George Irish	Arcada Stark
Charles L. Cabalzar	Mamie Jolly	Elizabeth Steinhagen
Helen E. Clayton	Nelle Kindel	Ruth E. Storms
Della M. Davis	Ethel Konz	Chauncey Watson
Jessica E. Eberhardt	Lena Leser	Robert J. Wildhack
Nelle E. Frazee	Allen Jay MacCorkle	Charlotte E. Yule



## THE JANUARY CLASS OF 1900

Last year forty pupils organized as the January Class of 1900. Since that time the number of members has decreased to thirty. Several of the best pupils have left us, but the remaining ones are struggling diligently to reach graduation.

Last term we gave a Halloween hay-ride and party. The girls of the class also had a theater party. In January we assisted the class of June, '99, in its reception given for the Class of January, '99.

Since our organization we have chosen Ethel Burke poet of the class, but owing to her removal from the city we have given Margaret Kinnan that office. Our prophet is Henry Dixon, and historian, Frieda Pfafflin. Louis Steeg is serving as class president for the second term.

The colors are dark green and white, the flower a white rose, and the motto, "A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

FRIEDA PFAFFLIN, Jan., '00.



## JUNE CLASS OF 1900

Last September the "June Class of 1900" was organized, with John Messick as president; Frank Cline, vice-president; Edna Robinson, secretary; and Fred Hohn, treasurer.

The class flower is the pansy; the class colors, lavender and green. The motto is "Sincerity."

The class has shown unusual talent from the first. It has produced a celebrated actor and a number of equally celebrated athletes. It has a soldier boy who rushed forth at his country's call, starved on canned roast beef, and returned with his laurels in his knapsack.

The first venture as a class was the publishing of a room paper, "The Megaphone," in which the funny man and the poets could palm off their effusions on the innocent and remain undetected.

Next the "Largo" club was formed, for what purpose no one knows, and being a girls' club, naturally came to nothing. The boys, not to be outdone, organized the famous "Hobo" club for the general promotion of amusement which they always manage to have.



The New Year party given at the home of one of the class was a decided success, though most of the games were better suited for the dark.

At the beginning of the new half-year, the following officers were elected: Fred Hohn, president; Josephine Gill, vice-president; William R. Scott, secretary; Walter Eckhouse, treasurer; and Grace Thompson, historian.

The class is now organizing a bicycle club and looking forward to vacation, when the teachers cease from troubling and the pupils are at rest.

WILL R. SCOTT, June, '00.

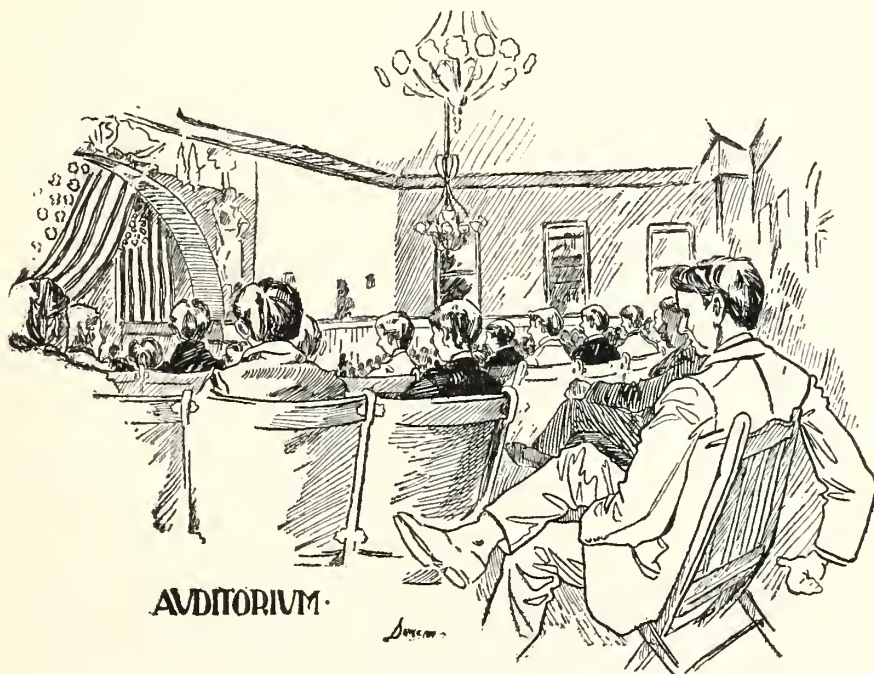


## JANUARY CLASS OF 1901

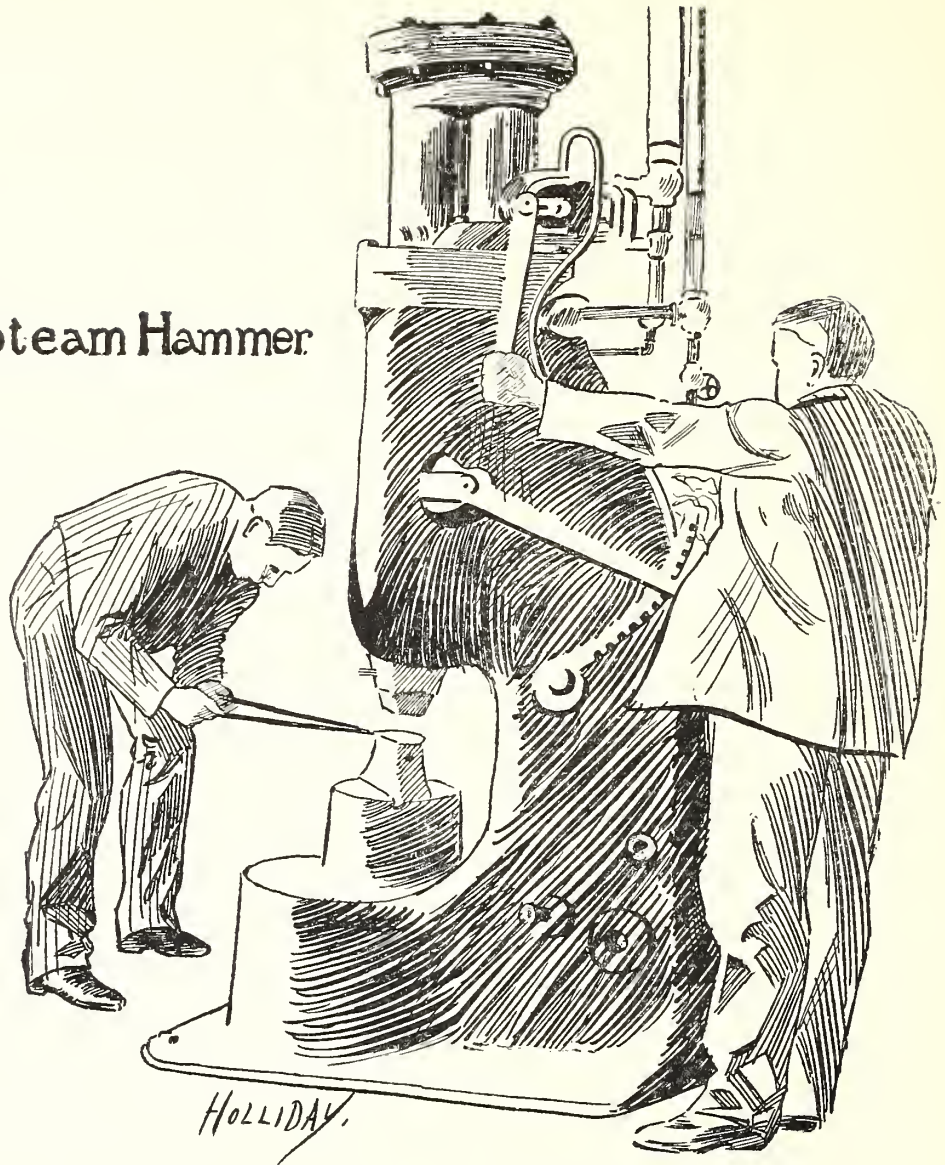
The class of January, 1901, began its organization April 7, 1899. A committee of five was appointed to draw up a constitution.

The officers elected for the first year are:

Leland Lowe	. . . . .	President
Anton Vonnegut	. . . . .	Vice-President
Irene Moses	. . . . .	Secretary
Earl Hunt	. . . . .	Treasurer



# Steam Hammer.



## THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON TRAVEL CLUB

It was a happy suggestion of the members of the February class of 1897 that some of the graduates of the Manual Training High School meet together to continue their study of literature, which they had enjoyed so much with Miss Demree.

A club of boys and girls was organized, but in September of 1898 it was changed to a girls' afternoon club. Under the guidance of Miss Demree, a literary, musical and social program is enjoyed and twenty earnest, enthusiastic girls look forward with pleasure to meeting together every four weeks.

ANNA BROWNING, Feb., '97.



## THE JANUARY CLASS, 1900, LITERARY SOCIETY

We had been members of the Junior Literary Society and desired to carry on the work through our senior year. Every member of the January class of 1900 was given a cordial invitation to join and, in spite of many woeful predictions of failure, the club was organized with a membership of ten. Ben Minor was chosen president and Ethel Burke was appointed critic.

The meetings have their social side, which is always appreciated as it adds much to the congeniality and life of the class.

ANNA TRINDLE, Jan., '00.



## THE JUNIOR LITERARY CLUB

The Junior Literary Club was organized last fall by the two classes of 1900, under the supervision of their English teacher. Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" was taken for their first study. Meetings were held at the school Wednesday evenings until the Febs. became Seniors and withdrew from the club, leaving fifteen members of the June class, who met at the different homes on Saturday evenings. The works of modern writers were studied, of which Kipling's stories aroused the greatest interest. Emerson's Essays are now under careful consideration and are thoroughly enjoyed by all the members of the club.

CHARLES STONE, June, '00.



INTERESTED IN ART(?)



## THE MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB

The Mandolin and Guitar Club, an unpretentious little organization with ten members, has had a very successful career. It was quite surprised at the enthusiastic reception it received on its first appearance in the auditorium. Since its introduction to the school, it has overcome its modesty and bashfulness and played in several of the session rooms during the opening exercises.

The members feel that they have derived a benefit from the organization aside from the satisfaction it gave them in being able to give the school a new pleasure.

The club intends to continue playing through the summer and have some good music ready when school opens next September.

HERBERT J. MAC DADE, June, '99.



## A LITERARY CLUB

It is not until after the graduate enters business life that he realizes the true value of the associations he has left. Twelve years of daily contact with pupils whose aims are his own, and with teachers who fully sympathize with his ambitions, have, if he is a diligent student, brought to him a habit of study and a familiarity with the foundations of higher study. After he leaves high school and enters business, he soon finds that eight hours a day of contact with business people whose only thought is business would speedily destroy the habit gained by his years of hard work unless constant study is kept up.

It was with the view of keeping their minds as much as possible in active working order, as well as the actual good to be gained, that a half dozen of our graduates decided to form a literary club. Miss Foy consented to take charge, and the "Monday Night Club" has been in existence since the first of the year. At present the club is taking up the study of the novel, a feature in literary work which is being given more prominence every year. The work assigned requires from one to two hours daily. On Monday evenings a two-hour meeting is held in which the work of the week is discussed. Occasionally, a paper on some feature of especial interest, drawn from the work in hand, is required from each member.



The club is solely for work and has neither constitution nor officers. The work is such that all of the members participate in all of the meetings, and there has never yet been a dull meeting. All of the members are graduates but still feel connected with the school, and none will be found more loyal, should the Manual Training High School need their support, than the members of the Monday Night Club.

ALLAN P. VESTAL, Feb., '98.



## THE JUNE, '99, LITERARY CLUB

We are very glad to be able, as a club, to greet you once more in our Annual. And we may well be, for it is most often the case that such organizations die within a few months. We have now, however, attained the age of two years and over, during which time we have survived a summer vacation. To be sure there are not as many of us as at first, but it is always to be expected that some will drop out. We have run a varied career and had a greater or smaller number of members according to the times and seasons. When we have a full meeting we muster just thirteen, and, from our experience, that is not at all an unlucky number.

During our two years we have read and discussed a goodly amount of literature, besides hearing many papers read by our members. Shakespeare has been a favorite with us, and we have completed "Les Miserables." At present we are reading "Spanish Gipsy." During the greater part of the time, one of our teachers, Miss Foy, who organized the club, has been with us, but at present we are without her.

We are blessed with a great variety in our membership, which prevents monotony and makes things interesting as well as instructive. We have the comical and severe, the loquacious and the quiet, the bold and the reserved, so that together we make a very efficient body. We gather on Friday nights at the homes of our different members. This is an advantage over meeting continually in one place, as it, also adds variety. To those who have enjoyed the pleasures and reaped the benefits of such a society we need not explain its virtues, and to those who have not, we can not. We can only recommend that they take the first opportunity of learning them for themselves.

WILL R. BALLARD, June, '99.



RILEY AT THE ARTS  
AND CRAFTS



## LEA FOR A DEBATING TEAM

What Ho! Ye senators, ye "silver-tongued orators," ye debaters, where are ye? Where are the Demosthenes who hurled their stinging Philippics at imaginary foes? Are we, whose Alma Mater ranks next to colleges, to fall behind them in our debating team? Is there no intrinsic spirit in our ranks? No one can gauge the great amount of good done the intellect in a debating society such as Professor Winston wished to organize. It widens the scope for general observation and reading and gives a freer intercourse of thought and expression.

It is a splendid preparatory course for those who intend to enter college. Many instances may be cited as to the result and value of such training to induce one to take advantage of the opportunity offered in our school; as, for instance, the recent success of one of our graduates, now of Butler, who has lately been scoring so much honor, for himself as well as our school, in the oratorical field. Let next September find a well-organized body of bright debaters among us.

CLARA LEONARD, Feb., '97.



AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBIT



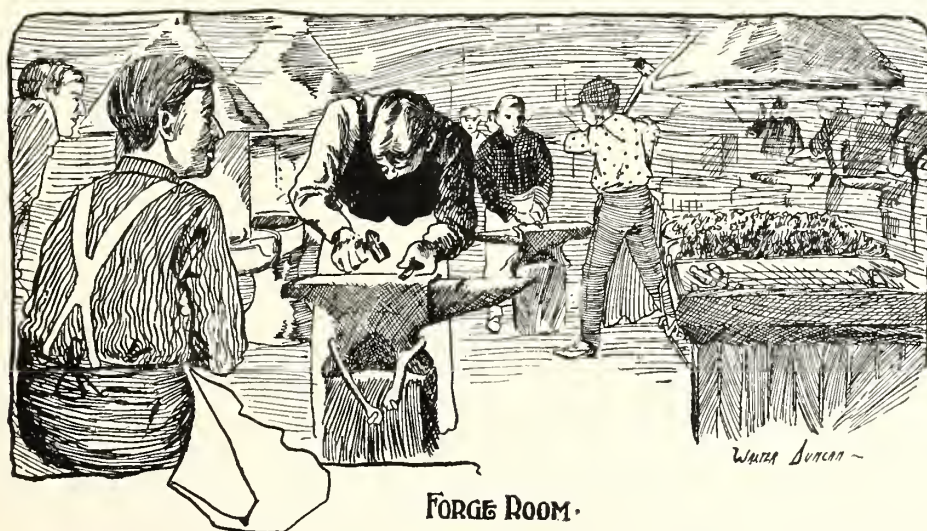
## THE MU SIGMA TAU FRATERNITY

That we do yet exist is easily verified by the fact that the world still exists; for when we shall pass from history, history will pass away with us.

Inspired by the vast strides of progress the world has been taking, we decided to gallop along with it. Borne aloft by a classical selection played by one of our number, seated round the festive board in another room, we gave vent to our classical feeling and changed the long honored, mysterious initials, "M. S. T.," to Mu Sigma Tau. Just what these letters signify, we do not care at present to make public, for there is really more truth than poetry in them. Let it suffice that we claim the honor of being the founders of the first Greek-letter fraternity in the Manual Training High School.

The "We" which is spoken of above is a very big one, since it has ten members, each of whom is a human being, alive and kicking. The war-cry of these boys has long been, "Down with the Girls," for we are all but mortals, but, strange to say, every boy in this fraternity, except one (the smallest and youngest), has been, and today is, desperately in love. Cupid has assigned to each his important office in life.

Further information may be had from any member of the Frat.



FORGE ROOM.

## THE ORCHESTRA

In the spring of 1896 the Manual Training High School Orchestra, the most distinguished organization of the school, was formed. It was composed of about ten members and was under the direction of Mr. Henry G. Cox for the rest of the term. In September, 1896, Mr. Emmerich took charge of the orchestra because Mr. Cox could not attend the rehearsals on account of his work. During the first year the number of members was increased to eighteen.

At first very light music was played, but as a happy result of many energetic rehearsals the repertoire has been gradually changed from a few waltzes and two-steps to Victor Herbert's "Serenade" and "Fortune Teller," "Der Freischuetz," "Bohemian Girl" and El Capitan Opera.

At the rehearsals it is the aim of every member to pay close attention to "piano" and "forte," which are so essential to expression and feeling.

It has always been a regret that the graduating students must leave the orchestra, as it is a drawback to the organization.

The orchestra is now preparing its numbers for the commencement exercises to be held June 12.

The members and their instruments are as follows:

### First Violins

Edgar Kiser	Bergen Plummer
Albert Richt	Lorenz Schmidt
Lawrenz Wachstetter	

### Second Violins

Nellie Wilson	Fred Doeppers
Katherine Simmons	John Dooley
Leslie Maxwell	

Piano—Edna Clippinger	2d Cornet—Leon Arbuckle
Base Violin—August Goth	1st Clarinet—Walter Ulrich
1st Flute—Walter Kipp	2d Clarinet—Lowell Arbuckle
2d Flute—Otto Mueller	Drums and Cymbals—H. Eckhouse
1st Cornet—Louis Ruth	Trombone—Albert Worth
Edgar Kiser—Secretary	
Albert Richt—Librarian	

ALBERT RICHT, June, '99.



## LINES WRITTEN ON THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH

We're a club of a number of Irishmen, brave;  
Each armed with shillaly and gun,  
For the war we fierce Mickeys at one time did lave  
On a spirited double-quick run.

We're known by a very original name,  
"St. Patrick's Shillalies" it is,  
We never get rattled, we never grow tame,  
Though bullets and cannon balls whiz.

Now fill up your pipe and just sit down to hear  
The names of our company's men.  
When I'm through with the lot, you will not have  
a fear  
But that each is an Irishman, then.

There's—

O'Ryan and Madden,  
O'Bryan, McFadden,  
O'Scroogin, Muldoony,  
O'Doogin and Rooney,  
Lallahue, Granahan,  
Donahue, Danahan,  
Danity, Flagberty,  
Flannity, Glagberty,  
Hooligan, Dafferty,  
Dooligan, Flafferty,  
Dannigan, Gafferty,  
Flannigan, Rafferty,

Sure it was in the papers that we all did rade  
Of the fiery old double-quick charge,  
Where St. Patrick's Mickeys were takin' the lade  
With their shillalies, trusty and large.

A. J. MAC CORKLE, June, '99.





Our school, so far-famed and respected in an educational way the country over, is striving each year to put a higher standard on the truly scholastic sports. The coming spring and fall seasons bid fair to represent in a more thorough manner our aims.

That which needs to be encouraged in our own state, among high schools as well as among some of the colleges, is purer inter-scholastic athletics. What merit is there in the fame or excellence of one school over another, if the leader enlists professional athletes or college graduates merely for the athletic teams? Is that scholastic sport? Is that testing the true value or merit of the under-graduates of one school against another?

If the secondary schools could be made to realize the under-hand, little and even vicious practice of enlisting outsiders, college athletics would eventually be praiseworthy, for the students would be brought up to abhor professionalism. This professionalism, and the enlisting of outsiders, are not only detrimental to honest athletics but are a great discouragement to the schools that promote the honorable sport. To be beaten by a team published as high school when in reality it is a town team is hard to bear. There is no honor lost in being vanquished by a team of older, stronger and more experienced men who are dishonestly called high school students.

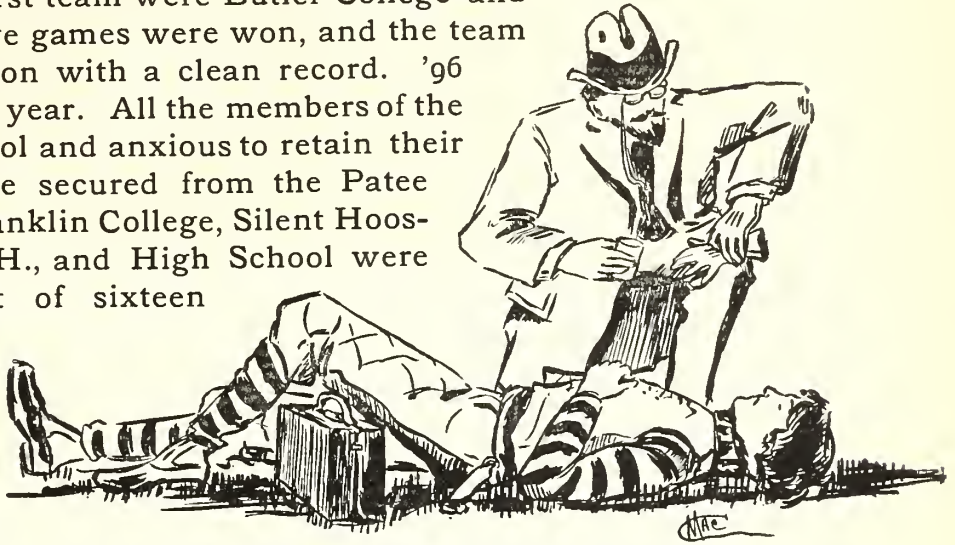
Do not take this statement of professionalism as a sweeping one, for in our own state are Purdue, Indiana, Notre Dame and other universities beside several high schools which are leaders and promoters of scholastic sport. Let it be hoped we may have pure inter-scholastic sport and plenty of it.

FRANK CLINE, June, '00.



## OUR BASE-BALL RECORD

The new school was scarcely opened before the boys organized a base-ball team. Good material was found in abundance and active practice was commenced very early. Among the victims of the school's first team were Butler College and the High School. Five games were won, and the team of '95 closed the season with a clean record. '96 was a very successful year. All the members of the '95 team were in school and anxious to retain their positions. Suits were secured from the Patee Cycle Co. Butler, Franklin College, Silent Hoosiers, Zionsville, C. I. H., and High School were easily defeated. Out of sixteen games played, fifteen were won by our team. Only one member of the '96 team failed to return to school in '97. The



first game was lost to a team of professionals, who played in Butler suits. In the next game the team redeemed itself, for it defeated the strong Purdue team. At the end of nine innings the score stood 2 and 2, but Capt. Bronson was batted across the plate with the winning run in the next inning. Wabash and Franklin Colleges were easily defeated. After these games the High School did not have the courage to play Bronson's sluggers.

The '98 team was composed of new material and lost the first game to De Pauw, but won from the College Avenues and Silent Hoosiers. Little interest was taken in base-ball in '98.





# FOOT-BALL IN THE MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

## SEASON OF '95

This school has made the great game of foot-ball the most prominent feature of its athletic sports. The first season after the school was opened, the boys decided to unite with the High School and support one team. A coach was secured and an excellent team selected, but on account of jealousy in both schools, the team did not secure the necessary financial aid. After winning one game by the score of 46 to 0, it disbanded.

## SEASON OF '96

After this disastrous result our own boys opened the new season with a determination that surprised both teachers and pupils. An excellent schedule was prepared and Captain Queiser picked a fine team. High School was easily defeated by the scores of 18 and 22 to 0.

After this, the other high school teams refused to play our husky kickers. A game was secured with Franklin College and lost; score, 10 to 0. The final game of the season was played on Stuart Field, with the Purdue scrubs. After putting up a hard fight, it was lost by a score of 18 to 0. The Purdue coach praised our boys for their fine work. It was the best game he ever saw high school boys play.

## SEASON OF '97

The team was composed of exceptional individual players, but their team work was very poor. Only three games were played and all of these were lost.

The redeeming feature of the season was the work of the second team. While much lighter than the first team their team-work was so much better that they played a tie game with Franklin College, which had defeated the first team 8 to 0.

## SEASON OF '98

The team was composed almost entirely of the '97 scrubs. The boys were very light, but more than made up for this with their agility and team-work. The team justly earned the title of "High School Champions of Indiana." While lighter than the '96 team, it played a much faster and better game.



## Schedule and Scores

Opponents M. T. H. S.

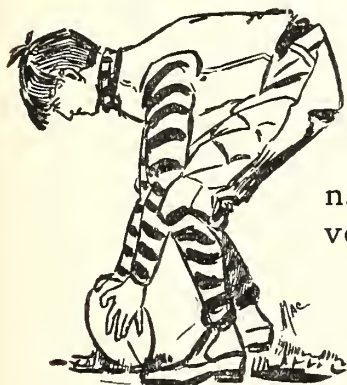
Oct. 1.	DePauw at Greencastle . . . . .	13	0
Oct. 8.	High School at Indianapolis. . . . .	0	0
Oct. 15.	Muncie High School at Indianapolis. . . . .	0	44
Oct. 22.	Indiana University at Bloomington . . . . .	27	0
Oct. 29.	Muncie Athletic Association at Muncie. . . . .	8	5
Nov. 19.	Sheridan Athletic Asso. at Sheridan . . . . .	0	5
Nov. 24.	Muncie Athletic Association at Muncie . . . . .	11	5
Dec. 3.	High School at Indianapolis. . . . .	0	16

Total, opponents, 59; Manual Training High School, 75.

Athletics in the Manual Training High School has, we believe, passed into a new stage of development or we might say that we are only beginning to develop. For the past two years we have given field-days, and, comparatively speaking, they have been successful. But in the past year or two, high school athletics has made rapid advancement, especially in the east. The movement for a state inter-scholastic association was started over a year ago, and, though the immediate results were without value, it has resulted in an organization, perfected this spring, which is deserving of support by every high school pupil in the state. At present there are nine members of this association:

the Manual Training and Indianapolis High Schools, as well as those of Richmond, Muncie, Hartford City, Winchester, Lebanon, Crawfordsville and Covington. From the preliminary trials, it is evident that we have a very good chance to get the state championship. This will be decided at the State Field-day, to be held at Newby Oval, Saturday, May 27. It is to be hoped that the movement meets with the financial

success which it merits. The results of our preliminary events were as follows: 100 yd. dash, time, 11 seconds. Shot-put, distance, 33 ft. 9 in. Quarter mile bike, time, :36 3-5. Standing broad jump, distance, 10 ft. 2 in. 220 yd. dash, time, :25 1-5. Hammer throw, distance, 82 ft. 11 4-5 in. Half mile bike, time, 1:20 3-5. Running broad jump, distance, 19 ft. 2 in. Pole vault, height, 9 ft. 3 in. 440 yd. dash, time, :59. Running high jump, height, 5 ft. 2 in.



## WHAT SOME OF OUR FORMER STUDENTS ARE DOING



S colleges, proud of their students, have traced them down through the succeeding years of their lives, so the Manual Training High School has done, and will always take an interest and pride in the fame and honor they gather about them, either in the commercial or professional world. We are proud to present the following: Enrolled at State University are: Nellie Bowser, Charles Seitz, George Adams, Mabel Bryce, Frederic Stevens, Ida Alfree and Theodore Vonnegut. At Purdue: Louis Mayer, Eugene Grimm, Merritt Wells, Charles Roth, Jay Dill, Charles Ducas. At Rose Polytechnic: Henry Leser. At University of Wisconsin: Herbert Woollen, Will Castenholz. Howe School: Claude Compton. Kenyon, Ohio: George Schley. Columbia College, N. Y.: Anton Scherrer, in his junior year. Naval Academy, Annapolis: William Steinhagen. University of Chicago: Howard Young. Pratt: Anna Schaefer. DePauw: Bernice Smith, Foster Smith, Percy Rawls. A school in Washington, D. C.: Laura Buehler. Butler: Emily Helming, John Dyer, Orval Mehring, Clara Overhiser, Cora Emrich, Margaret Drinkut, Charlie Dyer, Harris Gumbinsky, Herman Helming, Lulu Overhiser. Medical College: Harry Jacobs, Egmont Sander. Business College: Kenneth Jeffries. In the Normal Training School of this city are: Bertha Borst, Valentia Egan, Lillian Poehler, Anna Kautsky, Elsa Loeper, Blanche Coyle, Edna Stephens. At Wabash: Karl Klass.

Those teaching in public schools are: Elsa Huebner, Emma Adam, Anna Browning, Ida McPherson, Elmonda Eberhardt, Eunice Hoefgen, Edith Conner, Alice Hill, Della McPherson, Mabel Stilz, Katie Ward, Grace Whitsit, Irene Collings, Marie Talkenberg, Alice Hughes, Clara Bohnstadt.

Beatrice Stephens is teaching in the kindergarten.

Kate Gambold is teaching in Veedersburg, Ind.

Orus Keesling is teaching commercial branches in Warburton Academy, Iowa.

The assistants at the Manual Training High School are: Edward Kiser, Edna Clippenger, Mrs. Buehler nee Eva Walters,



William Albersmeier, Minnie Buehler, Ed. Davis, Bertie Smith, Ralph Hilliker, Roy Rinehart, Frieda Huebner.

Those who are becoming successful as singers are: Agnes Herd, Edith Conner, Lillian Adam, and Elma Igelmann. Miss Igelmann made her debut in the Symphony Concerts.

In the Public Library are: Clara Dippel, Agnes Herd, Maurice Breunig.

Engaged in commercial pursuits are: Abie Bowman, Walter Neubacher, Morton Traub, Hans Stechhan, Otto Lefler, Allan Vestal, Felix Ballard, Louie Poundstone, Charles Nagel, and others from whom we have not heard lately.

In the literary field Hettie Bosley has distinguished herself by contributing to our local papers.

Those whom cupid has successfully captured and led to Hymen's altar are: Edna Dellet, Daisy Colvin, Millie Horn, Jennie Kuhns, Ida Klasing, Mercy Oburn, Nora Kincaid and Elmonda Eberhardt.

We are saddened by the thought that death has claimed some of our brightest fellow-students, namely: Daniel Warren, June class '95; Gertrude Heim, June class '96; Nellie Yoke, January class '97, who for a brief period was assistant sewing teacher, and Stella Martin, June '97, whose short life did not permit her to finish her course before graduating.

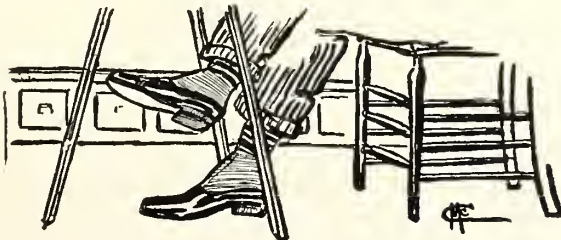
Those back at school are: Gertrude Warrington, Clara Leonard, Elsie Gowdy, Theresa Bell, George Kerr, Lena Gutzwiller, George Olive and Hannah Perry.

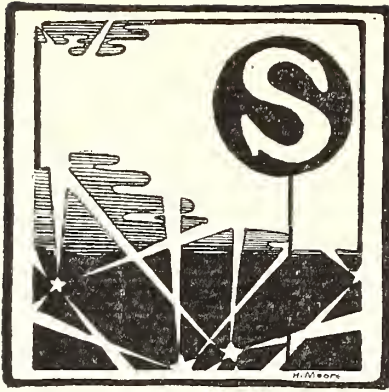
Those who are anticipating a college career in the near future are: George Olive, Harvard; Theresa Bell, Pratt; Hugh Thatcher, De Pauw.

So we can say, in the motto of the first class of the Manual Training High School:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, we'll deserve it."

MARIA LEONARD, Jan., '99.





## HIDE LIGHTS ON THOMAS

### I—THE BALLOON THAT WENT TO HEAVEN

The roses were red in the garden; the cannas were redder yet; but there was nothing in nature that approached the brilliancy of the gaudy thing floating above Thomas Barber's round head. Thomas gazed at it with a mixture of reverence for its mystical properties, and of insolence in his undisputed possession. "My balloon," he announced triumphantly to the staring purple clematis on the porch. He jerked it violently down, and then let it rise quickly into the open blue. "Wonder fere dis fmg would go," he said thoughtfully. "Would you come back?" and he inquiringly addressed the balloon. The balloon swayed and nodded in the air. "Twuly?" he asked, as a last preventive. The yellow sunlight shone so brightly in his gray eyes that he winked to keep the moisture back. The balloon seemed again to nod gay assent. So he let go the string and watched it float up, up, until he could not see it for the tear curtain before his eyes. "Now come back," he said smiling. No balloon appeared. "Now come back," he repeated authoritatively. Still the gaudy red thing remained obstinate. "Come back! Come back!" and Thomas's voice grew loud and angry. He frowned at the sky that had taken the runaway. His face colored up in an alarming manner, and he yelled so loudly that his mother ran white-faced to his rescue. "Tommie, Tommie, what is the matter?" she cried anxiously as she knelt down beside him and put her pretty white arms about him. Terrible suggestions of tarantulas and hydrophobia and cut fingers flashed through her head. For a moment, Thomas could not answer, but finally, between gasps of wrath, he panted out his woes.

His mother sighed with relief. "Why, dearie," she said smoothing his fiery hair, "it has gone way up in the sky, and perhaps one of the little white-winged angels is playing with it," which was not very orthodox, nor yet very wise, considering Thomas's disposition.

There was an instant's silence, that "before the storm" silence that Thomas's mother had learned to dread. Thomas was purple with rage. His eyes sparkled so that every tear was

dried up by the flashes of wrath. "If I find any angel a-playin' wif my balloon," he said in ominously even tones, "I'll bweak his wings for him!"

## II—THOMAS THE WISE

When Thomas came home from school that first day, all his aunts had assembled to celebrate the occasion. "Dear Tommie, he's such a bright child," his oldest aunt sighed mournfully. Thomas's youngest aunt did not agree. While she worshiped Thomas, still she entertained the idea that he was a very matter of fact baby with no especial talents. The discussion was ended by the appearance of Thomas himself.

The women all rushed round him and caught him and kissed him and asked him a hundred questions. Thomas eyed them in a disgusted manner. "What did you learn, Tommie?" asked the oldest aunt with a saccharine air. "Nothin'," said Thomas shortly. "O yes, you did. Tell me, Tommie, what you learned," said his mother appealingly. "Nothin'," insisted Thomas stolidly. The youngest aunt shot a triumphant glance at the oldest one. Then she said, "I say, Tom, what did you do today at school?"

"Well," said Thomas nonchalantly, "They was a woman there 'n' she didn't know how to spell 'cat.' So she ast me, 'n' I told her."

## III—THOMAS'S VERSION

It was the time when pumpkin pies gladdened the eyes of Thomas—for Thomas was very fond of pumpkin pies—that the new minister called.

Thomas's mother hurriedly splashed soapy water into his eyes and rubbed his round face very hard. Then she took him into the parlor and made him sit on a hard, high chair. The hot, sweet smell from the kitchen penetrated into the room. Thomas fidgeted most wickedly, hoping his mother would send him out of the room. But it was no use.

Hours seemed to pass and then he heard his mother call his name. She was telling the ugly old man that she had taught Thomas some of the Psalms. The minister remarked that it was a most laudable practice, if the child learned them well. "Oh, he does!" said Mrs. Barber, beamingly, for she knew that usually after a thing was pounded into Thomas's small red head, it never got out. So she lifted him off the chair and whispered to him.

He glared at the minister and began to recite "The Lord is My Shepherd." Mrs. Barber smiled as he went on. "He mak-



eth me," said Thomas. Then he stopped suddenly. What came next? He gazed at the vases on the mantelpiece, but they did not help him. "Go on," said Mrs. Barber. "He maketh me," repeated Thomas feebly. What did He make anyway? Thomas searched his mind. "Something you like," said his mother insinuatingly. Oh, yes. Of course. Something he liked. What did he like? A warmth stole in from the kitchen. Thomas brightened up. "Punkin pies!" he exclaimed: "He maketh me punkin pies!"

VALENTIA EGAN, June, '98.



## HEN PAPA PAN DANCED

Old Pan did sit 'neath a greenwood tree,  
A-piping him a tune;  
"Ah-ha! my heart is light," quoth he;  
"My soul is not jejune."

Approaching Pan, a Dryad said—  
"Come, rouse from thy long trance;  
Arise from thy soft leafy bed,  
And, piping, join our dance!"

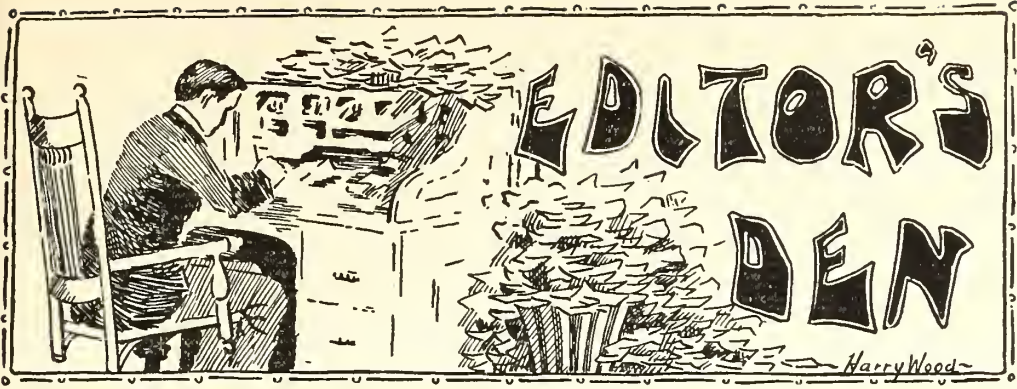
"O no! I never dance," quoth he,  
"Whilst playing in society—  
For me to shake my hoofs in glee  
'Twould be an impropriety!"

"I'll simply pipe whilst ye all dance,  
To keep your blood a-going;  
Sometimes I'll stamp my foot—perchance,  
To keep my rhythm flowing."

He little recked where'er he'd stamp,  
Nor cared to stop and rest;  
Unconsciously—full up to the vamp  
He stamped in a ground-bee's nest!

His sacred oboe he flung high,  
With actions not entrancing;  
At this the Dryads gave a cry—  
"Look! Look! Pan's turned to dancing!"

BERGEN PLUMMER, Jan., '01.



Those who have seen our previous annuals will at once notice the present radical change in the form, matter and everything concerning the paper. It has been deemed best to eliminate all tiresome discussions on technical subjects and all misdirected literary soaring. We have tried to make the annual as artistic and as readable for everyone as possible. Whether or not the management has been successful may be determined by the readers.

THE EDITORS.



We wish you to notice the fact that all artistic and literary work in this paper was executed by students of the Manual Training High School.



Within the last three months the name of our school has been changed from Industrial Training School to "Manual Training High School." Heretofore, we have been set down everywhere either as a reformatory institution or a purely technical school. Our present name, however, gives exactly the right idea of what our school presents, a combination of the regular high school course in its fullest and best development with a thorough course in those subjects designated under the name "Manual Training." The first of these which is the more comprehensive, if not the more conspicuous of the two, is the part with which we have not been credited at all. The latter division, including wood-working, iron and steel forging, foundry and pattern work, machine fitting, free-hand drawing, mechanical drawing, cooking, sewing,

hygiene and nursing, stenography and typewriting, presents a very important and long-neglected part of a thorough education and one which is rapidly asserting its importance throughout the country.

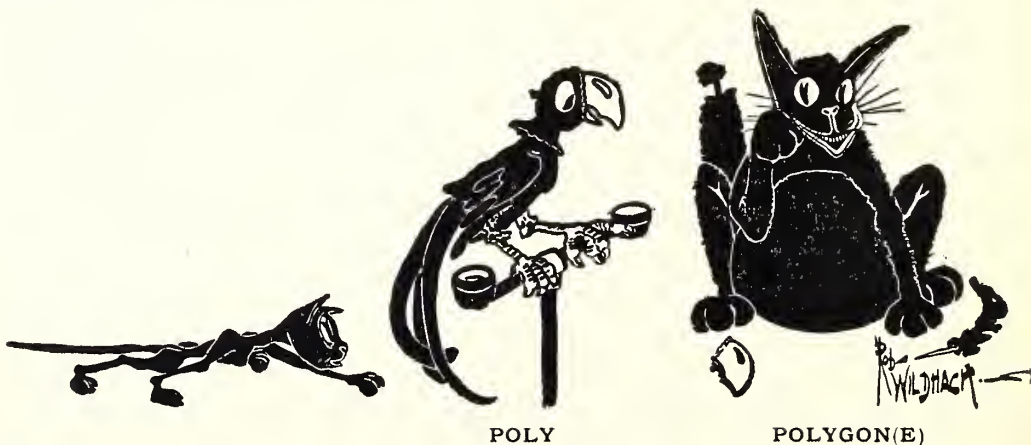
There are three courses laid out. First the Mechanic Arts Course, which, besides six half years in English, seven in mathematics, four in science, two in some language, and two in history, requires courses in the first six of the subjects named above. This course includes most of the distinctive features of our school. It is very popular and the classes are over-crowded.

The next course, the College Preparatory Course, is an adaptation of the general course to the purpose indicated by the name. It takes the place of the preparatory department of colleges and permits the pupil to enter the affiliated schools without examination if his record shows good work. This course is planned in such a way that it may be so pursued as to give a predominance of classical language, modern language or science. It permits of eight half years of Latin or German, four of Greek or French, or four of science. It requires the usual amount of English, mathematics and history in any case.

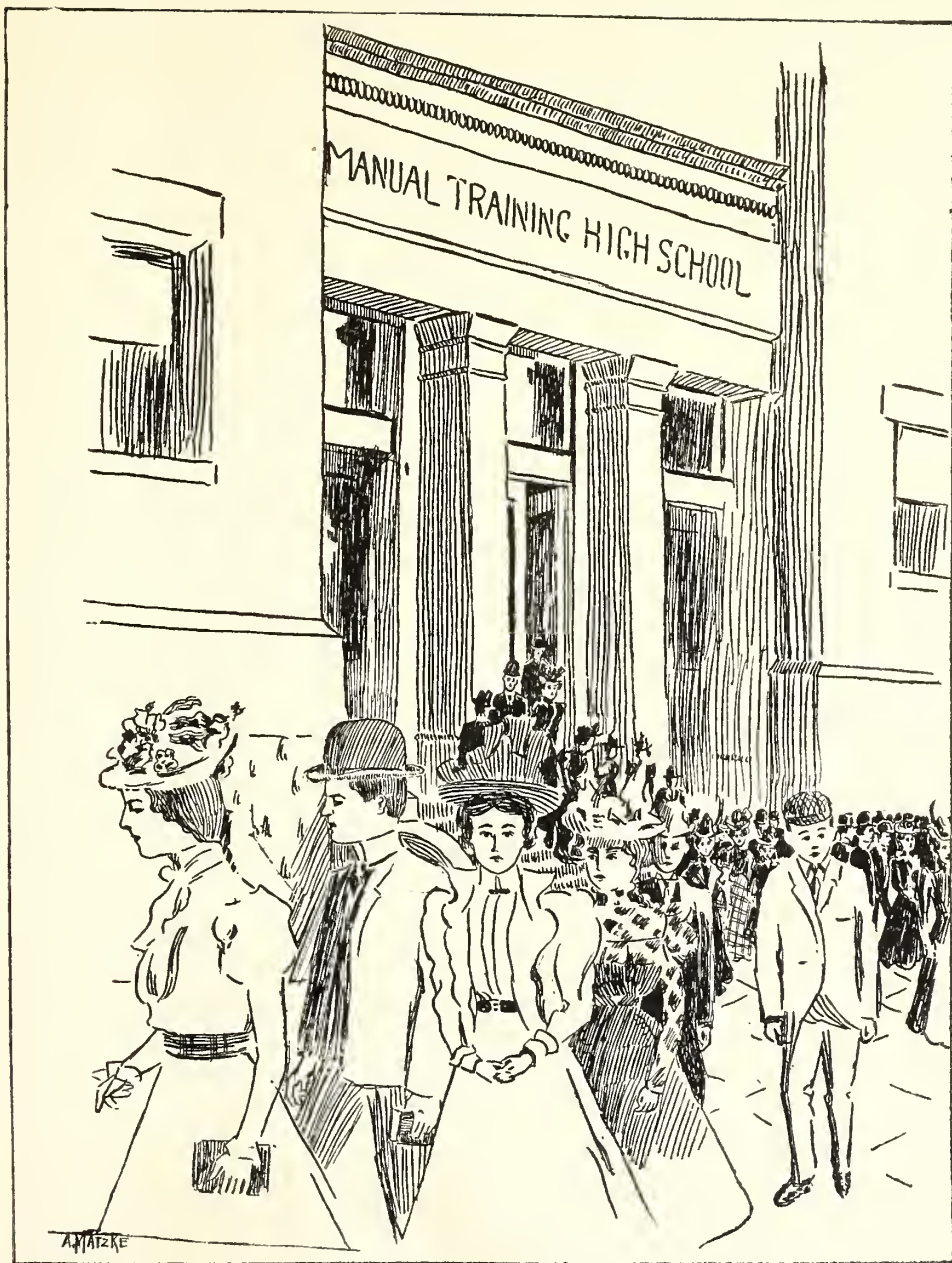
The General Course is so broad in its limits that it can hardly be said to have been laid out as a particular course. Seventeen out of the thirty-one subjects required are compulsory. They are: six in English, five in mathematics, four in science and two in history. The remaining fourteen are elective and a wide range is offered for choice, including cooking, sewing, and hygiene and nursing, for the girls. Book-keeping, stenography and typewriting are also in this course.

One general course offers all that can be obtained in any high school, and that with an equipment for science, etc., that is equaled by few. All the technical studies are an addition to this and not a substitution for it.

WILL R. BALLARD, June, '99.









THE LAST THING











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